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A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK JULY 21: 1900

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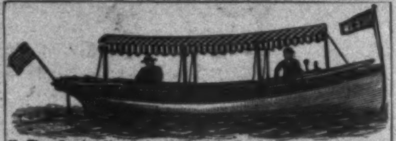

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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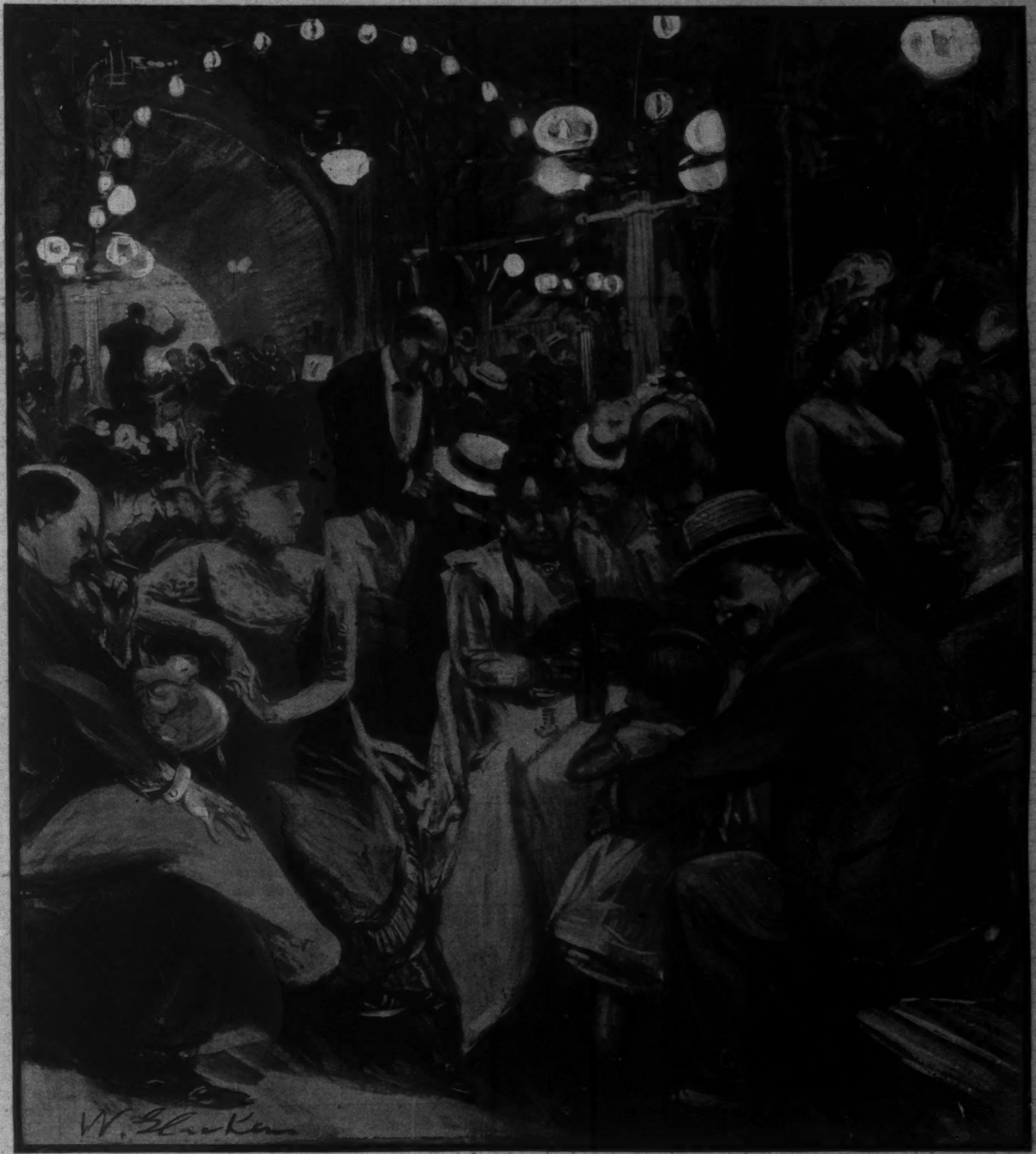

A TYPICAL NEW YORK BEER-GARDEN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 21, 1900

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A Dangerous Fallacy Exposed

IT has been an oft-reiterated statement on the part of many who are anxious to secure votes for Mr. BRYAN, and who would minimize the dangers of his free-silver heresies, that even if he were elected, after the currency legislation of last winter, it would be impossible for him as President to do anything inimical to the financial welfare of the country, during his four years' tenure of office. Entirely apart from the folly of such a statement as a bid for support for a candidate whose political nature is essentially unmoral, the facts are directly to the contrary. It is true that the financial legislation of the late session of Congress, over which there was so much rejoicing last March, declared the existence of the gold standard, and provided for the redemption of United States and Treasury notes in gold, but it distinctly did not establish gold as the final metal of redemption for all currency issued by the government, or for the payment of the principal of and interest upon government bonds. Neither did this measure embody, in any of its provisions, any clause making the payment of private or public debts in gold mandatory. As a matter of fact, the currency measure of last March, valuable as it is in many respects, does not bear critical analysis at the hands of those who wish the question of our finances settled once and for all and taken out of politics, and any elector of these United States who casts his vote for W. J. BRYAN in November next, under the impression that his wings are clipped by the recent act of Congress, will commit one of the greatest political mistakes at this moment conceivable.

The actual situation, as it exists to-day, has been forcefully pointed out by Professor J. LAWRENCE LAUGHLIN, of the University of Chicago, a recognized authority on finance, and a gentleman, by-the-way, who, if the Anti-Imperialism bugaboo were really of paramount importance in this campaign, would be only too glad to vote for Mr. BRYAN. In writing upon this subject some days ago, Professor LAUGHLIN expressed himself as follows:

> We are assured that we may rest free from all danger of the "silver issue," which we hear on all sides is now "dead." On the strength of this belief, political lines are being drawn, and a plan of campaign is being formed. That there has been a subtle game of politics played with our recent monetary legislation through the influence of the Senate is unmistakably clear, and is nothing unusual or surprising. But it is not certain that the general public is aware of the exact effect of the provisions of the new law, or informed how little has been done. Indeed, it may be a surprise to many to be told that, as regards the establishment of the gold standard, not only has practically nothing new been introduced into the situation by this bill, but that we have in general no new means of maintaining the standard which we did not have before the act was passed. If there had been possible danger from silver before March 14, 1900, the same danger still exists. Without any desire to be sensational or to create alarm, it is my belief that it is wise to face the facts of this new act as they are. While I do not believe that the gold standard is in any more danger than it was in 1899, I certainly do believe that we are not in any better position in 1900 than we were before.

Professor LAUGHLIN's analysis of the act, which he goes on to make, shows it to be plainly inadequate as a measure of final safety—not because of what it does provide, but because of what it omits, and chief among its omissions is its failure definitely to provide for a means of accomplishing that which it was framed to make secure: the maintenance at a parity with the standard of value of all forms of money issued or coined by the United States. Whether this omission was an oversight on the part of the legislators having the bill in charge, or was, as Professor LAUGHLIN intimates, an evidence of gross cowardice on the part of Congress, is apart from the question. The fact that the means to accomplish the end its enactment had in view are not provided for, is as certain as that two and two make four.

In other words, there is nothing in the statute law of this nation as it exists to-day to restrain W. J. BRYAN, if elected President of the United States, from putting his dishonorable financial policies into operation, and to that extent destroying the credit of the United States, and causing the people thereof to suffer that shame which belongs to the welsher who contracts an obligation and refuses to discharge it.

No one who knows Mr. BRYAN, or is at all familiar with his recent dictatorial attitude toward the Boxer Convention at Kansas City, can for a moment doubt that, given the opportunity which the law gives him, he will avail himself of it to the utmost. Wherefore any sound-money man who votes for this candidate because "he can do nothing to injure the nation's credit," will do so without a knowledge of the facts in the case, and provided the so-called Democratic ticket is successful, will later have cause bitterly to repent his act.

As to Adlai E. Stevenson

IT is really pathetic to read the expressions of delight from certain Democratic sources over the nomination of ADLAI E. STEVENSON for the Vice-Presidency. There is at least one sterling Democrat on the ticket, these unhappy persons say; and then they shake their heads in great satisfaction, and flatter themselves that the grand old party is coming into its own once more, forgetting that the selection of Mr. STEVENSON as a representative of the old-time Democracy shows all the more emphatically into what parlous estate the party has fallen. Mr. STEVENSON was never a representative of anything in Democracy which was worthy of admiration. In matters where strength of purpose, conviction, principle, were required, Mr. STEVENSON, from first to last, has been weak and colorless, the tool of others, a creature so devoid of positive conviction that his personal influence in public life was actually nil. On the other hand, as a representative of the things which the best elements of his party held in reprobation, Mr. STEVENSON was a tower of strength. It does not require a strong memory to recall the days of "ADLAI'S AXE," the memorable weapon with which this eminent statesman chopped faithful government servants out of office, and placed in contempt all his party's protestations of loyalty to the cause of civil service reform. Later, when Mr. STEVENSON managed to creep into the Vice-Presidency under the cloak of Mr. CLEVELAND'S respectability, he for four years devoted himself to aiding the wreckers of the Administration to thwart the efforts of the President. In the bitter and prolonged fight on the silver question in the late days of the CLEVELAND Administration, Mr. STEVENSON was worse than useless to the men who stood steadfast for the integrity of the country and the honor of the Democratic party. He was the ally in the Senate of the blatherskite orators who tried to talk the country into bankruptcy; and the man who was honored by the people with the second highest office in the land, instead of standing by his chief in a conflict requiring the most unremitting loyalty, was a deserter, a skulker, and a coward.

If ADLAI E. STEVENSON is a type of what is left of the Democratic party, the salvage on the derelict is not worth a tenth part of a Bryanized cent.

Another Warning from Atkinson

IT is interesting to note that our great and good friend, Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, has turned aside from the contemplation of the horrors of Imperialism for a moment, and has been considering scientifically the possibilities of a world's famine. It is needless to say that Mr. ATKINSON believes the famine is bound to come. When a man of his pertinacity devotes a lifetime to the discovery of embarrassments, there is no possibility that any particular trouble for which he may search may remain long in hiding. Having discovered an undesirable conclusion, the Atkinsonian method is infallible in the detection of premises, and just as the eminent Anti-Imperialist, reasoning backwards, has found justification for his attitude in the matter of the Philippine Islands, so has he definitely discovered the causes which his conviction that we must some day have a universal famine required him to find. The supply of potash is giving out, and without potash man will be unable to produce the food necessary to existence, and of course without food only Anti-Imperialists can live, and as there are not many of these, equally of course the human race must sooner or later be destroyed. It is a fearful prospect to face, but the whole scheme is so clearly and so plausibly presented, that we cannot doubt the ultimate any more than, after reading Mr. ATKINSON'S articles on Imperialism, we can doubt the Imperial trend of this republic.

There is only one consolation. It is virtually admitted that the famine is not likely to come upon us for at least three thousand and three hundred years, which is reassuring to those of us who are not so deeply worried politically as to be unable to eat, or to digest what we have eaten. It is also reassuring to believe that Mr. ATKINSON'S disasters are so far removed from the present, that there is no cause for immediate apprehension, and we can now quite understand his Imperialism scare. The American Empire, with all its trappings and satrapings, prophesied by this Tooley seer, is not a present possibility, but one for the far future. If we had known all along that Mr. ATKINSON'S eyes were fixed upon the year of grace 5200, we should have been more lenient in dealing with him. We had supposed that he was looking upon Imperialism as an imminent danger, and therefore an issue in this campaign. Now that we know the truth, we humbly apologize for our guarded, but none the less plain, intimation that the eminent Back Bay philosopher is a nuisance, and a person utterly lacking in the commonest forms of patriotism and good sense.

Inflammable Piers

THE horrible catastrophe involving the destruction of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company's piers at Hoboken, of three liners, and the loss of over a hundred lives should result in an awakening of the proper authorities to the needs of this port for permanent dock facilities commensurate to the greatness of its commerce. It should not have required an accident of this nature to call attention to the fact that the average pier of New York is the flimsiest of structures. It has been obvious to all observers for many years that New York is wofully behind other ports in the quality of her dock construction; and as for the safety of the piers, any one who has ever taken the trouble to note the conditions existing not only upon sailing-days, but for two or three days in advance thereof, cannot really be surprised at the quick and appalling destruction which took place at Hoboken two weeks ago. This is a subject which comes pretty close to most of us. There are few persons nowadays who at some time or another are not required to go to the piers of the transatlantic companies. That they take their lives in their hands when they do so has been brought home to them with terrific force. If the greatest commercial city of the Western Hemisphere should continue to tolerate the existence of such firetraps, now that they are known to be such, it will not only be blindly derelict in the performance of its plain duty, but will be criminally responsible for such disasters as may hereafter occur.

The "Oregon"

THE best news that has come out of the East for a long time is that which tells of the safety of the *Oregon*. The *Oregon* is more than a battle-ship to the American people. She represents one of our ideals. She has seemed to be typical of our aspirations to be good, and strong, and worthy. She has taken on a human aspect to most of us, and the notion that she could be lost by some infortuitous chance without accomplishing the mission she was sent out to accomplish was intolerable. If the *Oregon* is ever to go we want her to go in one of two ways only. She must either live out her allotted span and die of old age as full of honor as of years, having served her purpose and done her duty well, or she must go down in a fight with her flag waving proudly above her, defiant, and to the last to be reverenced for her strength and for the full measure of her duty done.

To batter her life out upon a rock, useless and impotent, is no proper fate for this vessel, and when in future days she is manned care should be taken that those who have her in charge shall be chosen from among those who consider not only her honor and safety and general welfare, but the pride of the landlubber in the ship we all love so well.

THE MENACE of MR. BRYAN'S PLATFORM

MR. BRYAN'S platform is a threat. No honest mind can scrutinize it closely without discovering it to be a menace of evil to the country, a programme of pulling down, an aggressive proclamation of reactionary purpose.

This is true of the platform as a whole. It is true of it in its separate clauses. It is even more menacingly true of the manner and circumstances of its adoption.

The platform begins with some carefully constructed rhetorical twaddle about a threatened lapse of the republic into Imperialism, a menaced substitution of autocracy and despotism for free institutions. Yet where in all our history has there been a more arbitrary exercise of one-man power than that witnessed at Kansas City? In what election have the people ever before been asked so directly as they are asked in this to make one man the uncontrolled ruler of the republic, the dictator of all its policies, the usurping executive master of the legislative power, and even of the judiciary? For the judiciary, too, in the Populist cry against "government by injunction," is threatened with subjection to this one man's will. Of course no sane person believes what is written in those first paragraphs of Mr. Bryan's platform. No man with a thimbleful of brains in his head suspects Mr. McKinley of a purpose or credits him with the ability to overthrow the free institutions to the service of which his whole life has been devoted. No man of common-sense believes that a party which has so jealously cared for law and order, for the national honor, for the safeguarding of citizenship, and for the financial integrity of the nation as to lift the country in a brief four years from the slough of business stagnation and industrial depression into the greatest and most universal prosperity ever known—no man of sense, we say, believes that a party with such a record is now plotting harm to the republic it has served so well.

Mr. Bryan's platform declares Imperialism to be "the paramount issue of the campaign." It might to many minds seem such if Mr. Bryan's election were at all probable. That alone of presently possible events could involve danger of even a temporary substitution of arbitrary power for free, popular government.

But Mr. Bryan has written into his platform certain declarations of policy and purpose which involve a more positive danger to the public welfare than even his dictatorship in his own party does.

Most conspicuous of these is the extraordinary menace of national dishonesty, of the impairment of contracts, of the debasement of the currency, and of the utter prostration of industry which the financial plank in the platform carries with it. This is the text of it:

"We reaffirm and endorse the principles of the National Democratic platform adopted at Chicago in 1896, and we reiterate the demand of that platform for an American financial system, made by the American people for themselves, which shall restore and maintain a bimetallic price level, and as part of such system the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent of any other nation."

Here again the manner of the thing was even more threatening and more hurtful than the matter. The majority of the delegates earnestly objected to the adoption of any such resolution, as the great majority of their constituents did. The policy it embodies had been emphatically rejected by the people in three successive elections. It had certainly lost none of its offensiveness by lapse of time. On the contrary, all the conditions and circumstances that had once given some show of excuse for it had passed away. There was nowhere any room left for complaint of a scarcity of money. The volume of the country's circulation had been increased by the coinage of mined and imported gold to a per capita average never before known. The national credit and the credit of our railroads and other great financial enterprises were better than ever before. Our industries were expanding at an unprecedented rate, and the volume of our exports of manufactured products had grown and was still growing beyond the expectations even of optimists. The policy of free coinage, formerly a mistake, had thus become an absurdity.

Yet Mr. Bryan insisted upon putting it into the platform in the most offensive form that his rhetorical ingenuity could give to it. And when the wiser men of the convention seemed disposed to refuse consent and to confine themselves to an indirect utterance in behalf of the folly, he issued peremptory orders for its inclusion, and enforced his will by such threats as only an angry master employs in dealing with bond-servants.

Mr. Bryan thus made the policy of coinage-debasement and national faith-breaking "the paramount issue," beyond the power of any convention utterance to alter the fact. He made his candidacy a defiant challenge to the honesty and common-sense of the people. It is not conceivable that the intelligence and integrity of the country will deal with such a challenge otherwise than as it deserves. To integrity it is an insulting proposal of dishonesty; to intelligence it is a threat of general disaster.

The mere proposal of a party to elect a President upon such a platform of his own deliberate devising must seriously impair confidence at home and abroad in the sanity or the honesty of the country and its people. Any serious prospect of such a result would work instant and irreparable injury to commerce and industry. The actual election of the man who has been at such pains to formulate folly in this fashion, and of a Congress as subservient to his will as the nominating convention was, would plunge the country into financial and industrial chaos. In its practical effect it would breed panic, drive capital abroad or into hiding, compel factories to shut down, and rob millions, for a time at least, of their bread and butter.

Happily there is no present prospect that any such misfortune will overtake us.

Mr. Bryan's election is now in a high degree improbable. If public writers and speakers do their duty well as instructors of the people, it will be made quite impossible before November.

But the free-coinage resolution does not cover all or nearly all of harm to the country's prosperity that Mr. Bryan's platform threatens. The forces of blind discontent and destructiveness have found voice also in the resolutions relating to trusts, corporations, taxes, the courts, paper money, and foreign relations. After some platitudes, about which there is nowhere any difference of opinion, the trust resolution goes on to declare that "trusts are the legitimate product of Republican policies, that they are fostered by Republican laws, and that they are protected by the Republican administration in return for campaign subscriptions and political support." But of this grave accusation not one particle of proof is offered. Not a fact is cited in support of it. No mention is made of the specially significant circumstance that it was a Democratic Attorney-General of the very highest learning who first staked his reputation on the opinion that the existing Federal anti-trust laws are incapable of enforcement under the Constitution, and declared that his most careful study of the subject had revealed to him no constitutional power in Congress to enact effective statutes on the subject.

IT NEVER FAILS TO MAKE HIM KICK.

The Kansas City resolution offers no definition of the word "trusts." It apparently includes in its denunciation practically all corporations, and all those large combinations of capital without which no railroad could exist, and none of those great enterprises which are of the most vital importance to all the people could be carried on for a single day. There is, in fact, an express demand made for the enactment of laws "requiring all corporations to show, before doing business outside of the State of their origin, that they have no water in their stock." That is to say, every company engaged in manufacturing soap, or starch, or bicycles, or any other article of use, must be required to show that its stock issues represent no patents, however valuable, no "good-will," however priceless, no demonstrated earning capacity, however great, and nothing else except money actually paid into their treasuries. Merely to state such a proposal of legislation is sufficient to suggest its folly and its destructiveness. It is a proposal of pestilent and anarchic interference with perfectly legitimate private affairs. The paragraph was manifestly written, as other parts of the document were, in response to a demand of Populist ignorance and socialistic unreason. So was the denunciation of all laws permitting those perfectly secured bank-note issues which alone give elasticity to our currency.

Coupled with the demand for the repeal of the National Banking laws is an assertion of "the sovereign right of the national government to issue all money, whether coin or paper," and a demand for "the retirement of the national-bank notes as fast as government paper or silver certificates can be substituted for them." This, of course, is a proposal of greenback inflation, and, taken in connection with another clause relating to "the power to issue and *control the volume* of paper money," it has all the "promise and potency" of a revival of the old greenback, "rag-baby" heresy which the voters of the country so joyously buried under mountainous majorities of ballots a generation ago.

But why not? Why should not a party which, at Mr. Bryan's dictation, stakes its fortunes upon a revival of the free-silver madness, reconcile itself again with the greenback craze? In the one case as in the other the demand is for fiat money. In the one as in the other the proposal is to "coin the breath of Congress." In the one as in the other the purpose is and the effect would be to cheat creditors of their just dues. In the one as in the other case the inevitable results would be financial chaos, industrial prostration, national dishonor, and the widespread impoverishment of the people. In the respects indicated, the platform is menacing to the public welfare. In others of its features it is chiefly ridiculous. It sets up the "straw man" of "Militarism" and hammers it with superheated denunciations, quite regardless of the fact that a Republican Congress in full sympathy with the present administration has by law limited our regular army to 65,000 men, and limited its existence at that strength to July, 1901. This meagre and temporary force is declared by the platform to mean "the strong arm which has ever been fatal to free institutions." It is true, as the platform tells us, that "this republic has no place for a vast military service and conscription," but as it happens to have no "vast military service and conscription" to provide for, and as nobody has thought of creating such a thing, the republic need not trouble itself overmuch as to its lack of a "place" for it.

The platform denounces the Dingley tariff law as "a trust-breeding measure, skilfully devised to give the few favors which they do not deserve, and to place upon the many burdens which they should not bear." But it wholly omits to tell us what sort of tariff law the authors of the platform purpose to substitute for it. We miss even the ringing old demand for a "tariff for revenue only."

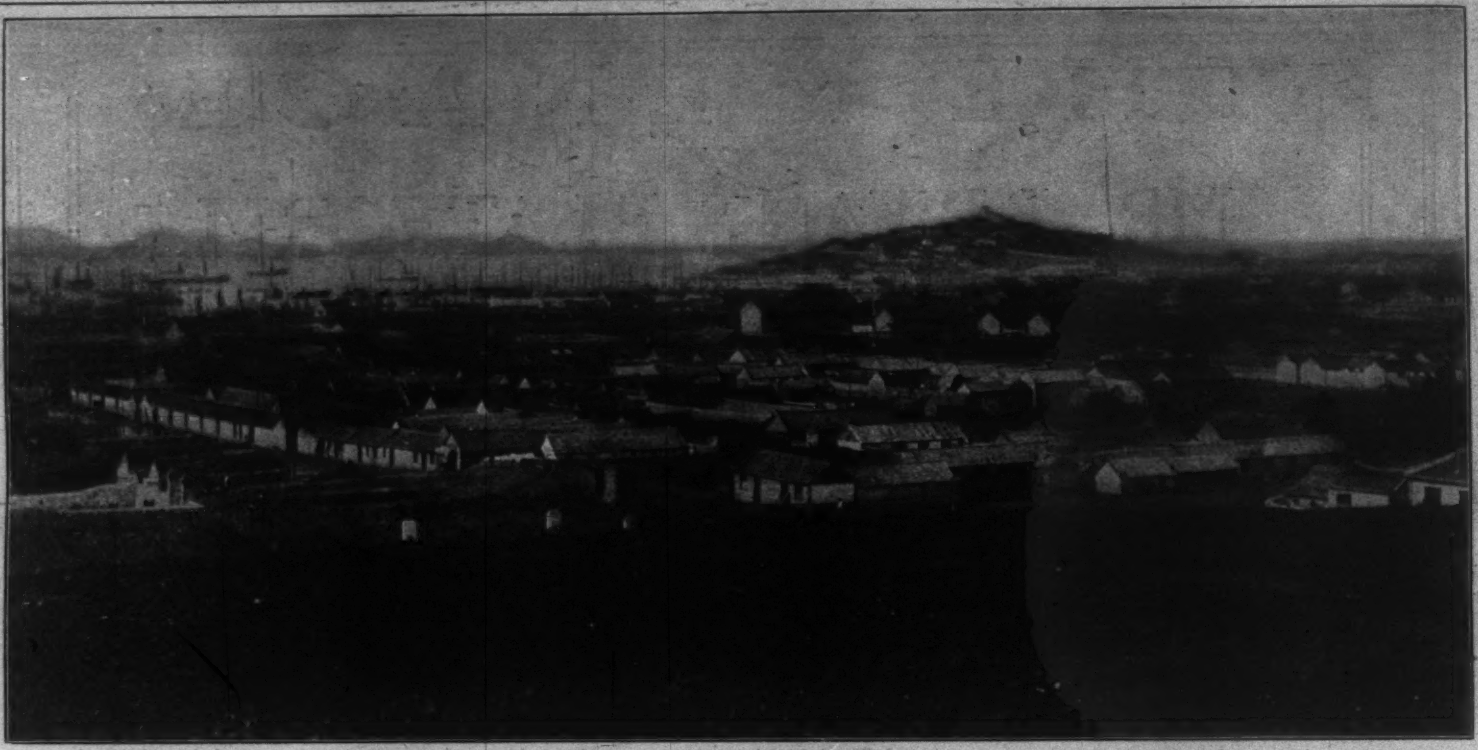
One thing in the platform will command general approval. It expresses full faith in the Declaration of Independence, as a document embodying "the spirit of our government." That is certainly true. It is true also, though the platform omits to mention it, that "virtue is its own reward," that "honesty is the best policy," and that "birds of a feather flock together"—all in accordance with the teachings of our copy-books.

The platform condemns "that ill-concealed Republican alliance with England," which neither our own nor the British government has been able to discover or knows anything about. It favors the popular election of Senators, the creation of a new Department of Labor with a cabinet officer at its head, liberal pension laws, and other policies on which no party lines can now be drawn.

In its final paragraph the platform returns to the "scare" with which it began. Without so much as a seeming consciousness of its own absurdity, the convention gravely declares its belief "that our most cherished institutions are in great peril, that the very existence of our constitutional republic is at stake, and that the decision now to be rendered will determine whether or not our children are to enjoy those blessed privileges of free government which have made the United States great, prosperous, and honored."

It is difficult and quite unnecessary to characterize such an outburst of absurdity as that. There is no man of ordinary intelligence who does not know it to be untrue in every line, word, and suggestion. It was written into the platform, as the opening paragraphs were, for purposes of deception. It is intended to blind the eyes of honest Democrats to the real and only issue which Mr. Bryan has permitted to present itself for settlement at the coming election. That issue is simply a question of national honesty. Shall we debase the coinage? Shall we legalize cheating and the repudiation of half of every debt? Shall we resort to fiat money at a time when there is less excuse for such paltering than ever before in the nation's history? Shall we invite dishonor and disaster in full certainty that they will come to us in response to the invitation? Shall we create panic with resulting industrial collapse? Shall we shut up our mills, paralyze our commerce, destroy our credit, and relegate our millions of now busy and happy workmen to the class of the unemployed? Having achieved a prosperity such as was never before known, shall we madly fling it away in response to the demand of chronic discontent and unreasoning destructiveness?

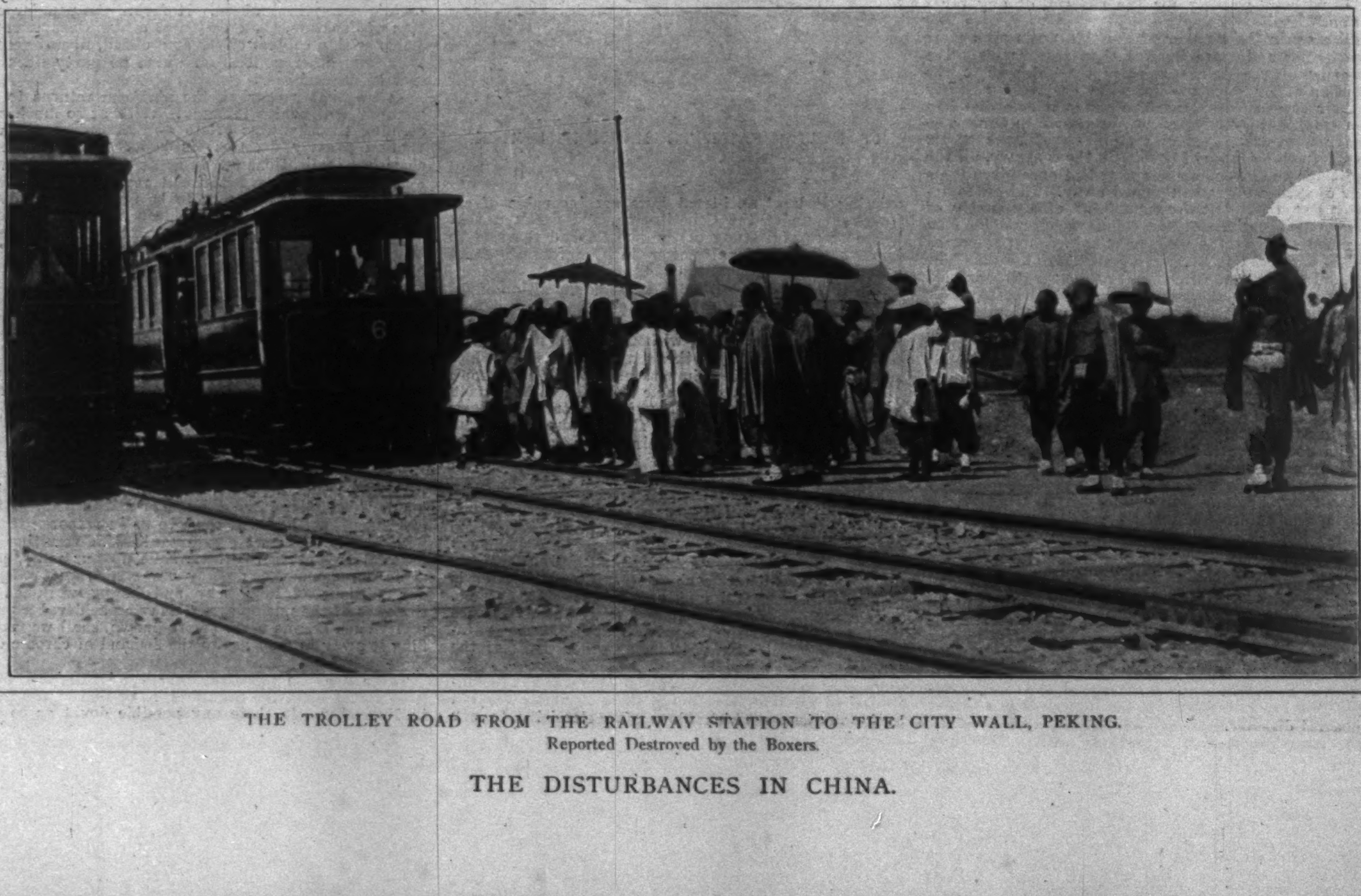
These are the questions which Mr. Bryan's platform forces upon the country for decision at the polls in November. Is there any possible doubt as to the answer?



CHIFU, AS IT APPEARS FROM TEMPLE HILL.
The Consulates and the Mission Station are on the high Promontory to the Right. The white Vessel near by is a United States Gunboat.

THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, TIENTSIN.
Burned by the Boxers.

A STOP ON THE ROAD FROM TIENTSIN TO PEKING.



THE TROLLEY ROAD FROM THE RAILWAY STATION TO THE CITY WALL, PEKING.
Reported Destroyed by the Boxers.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

ENTRANCE TO THE FRENCH LEGATION.

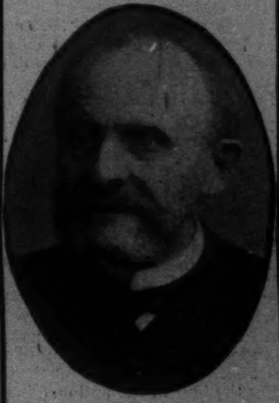
THE FRENCH MARINE GUARD.

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD,
British Minister.

M. S. PICHON,
French Minister.

COMPOUND OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION.

EDWIN H. CONGER,
United States Minister.



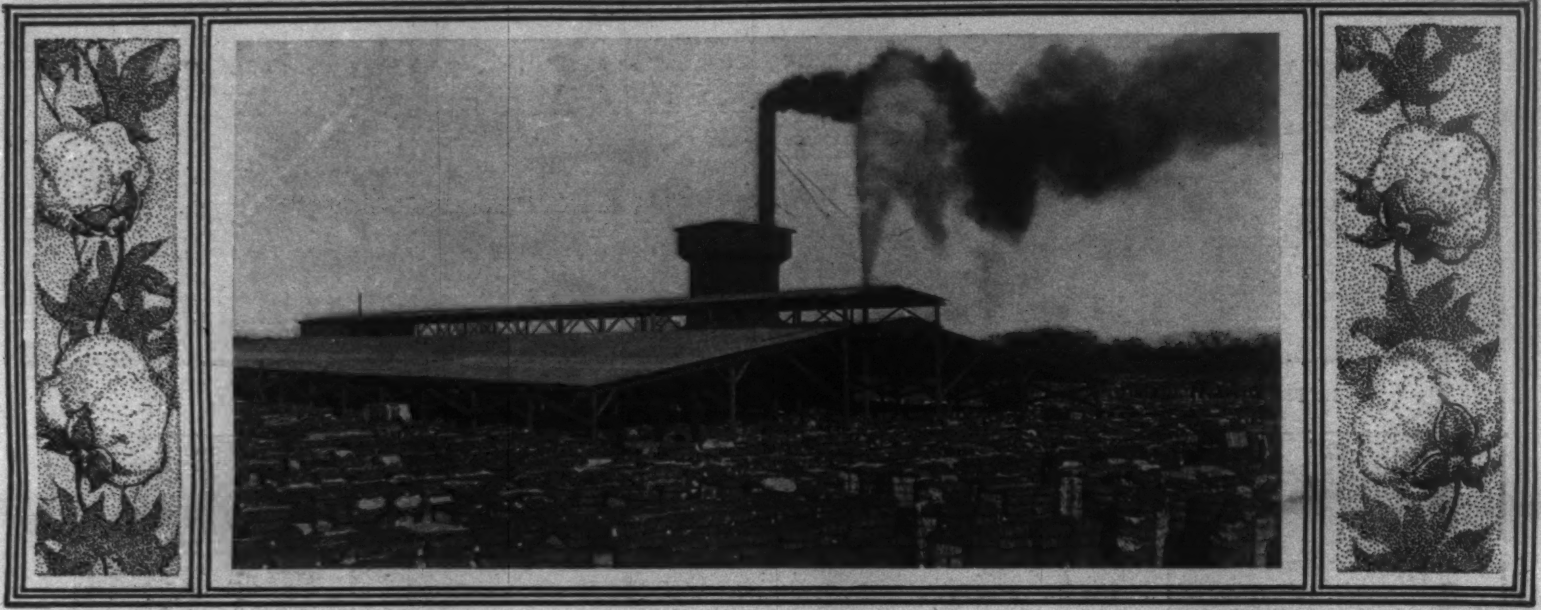
MICHEL DE GIERS,
Russian Minister.

THE GUARDS OF THE FOREIGN POWERS.

THE ITALIAN LEGATION.

THE JAPANESE LEGATION.

THE LEGATIONS AND THE FOREIGN MINISTERS, PEKING.



A NEW LAND OF COTTON

WHEN, a decade ago, eager home-seekers lined the edges of the Indian lands of Oklahoma, and at the crack of a revolver raced across the virgin prairie to stake out claims, they had little conception of the real possibilities of the new Territory they were to conquer. While they hoped to raise corn and wheat and stock, they did not realize that they might also produce the staples of latitudes to which it had been forgotten that Oklahoma belonged. Even five years ago it was not yet generally accepted that cotton was a profitable crop in the Territory. But suddenly the farmers' eyes were opened, and it has come to be a most important factor in the revenues of the people.

While few consider that Oklahoma is in the "cotton belt," this crop is probably first among the ready-money sources of its population. It is bringing into their pockets something over $5,000,000 a year, and is adding to the industries of the Territory in a most helpful manner. Oklahoma is in the latitude of North Carolina, Tennessee, and northern Arkansas. It is at the northern edge of the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina. It has south of it a wide stretch of comparatively level and tillable land. The soil is a virgin one, not like that of the Southern States with a record of decades, and even a century, of hard cropping. The skies of the prairie West, to which Oklahoma belongs, are proverbially sunshiny ones. All these things go to make cotton-growing a success, and account for the strides of the past half-decade. Expert cotton-buyers say that the Oklahoma district ranks among the best in the nation, climate and soil making the product satisfactory in every respect when the proper care is taken by the grower. This is the weakness of the Oklahoma farmer, for the business is a new one to him. What delights him is that dry weather does not scare cotton. It may injure the yield, but it does not kill it. For the claim-taker who has had experience with crop-raising in the semi-arid sections of western Kansas and Nebraska, as many of them have, it is recommendation enough.

Then, it is a poor man's crop—and the Oklahoma farmers are not yet riding on the wave of affluence. With large families of boys and girls to care for, or with little money for the expensive machinery needed for wheat-raising, the poorer farmers are prevented from engaging in that business extensively. But with cotton it is different. The young folks can save labor in tending and picking time, and often the five-acre patch returns a net $100 as a reward for the children's assistance. "Then," says the farmer, "it's outside money." This is a strong argument in the West. It means that all the product is sold outside the State or Territory, and that it brings in cash to be distributed and increase the "per capita."

The first large yield of the crop was in 1897, an ideal cotton year. Many growers reported a bale to the acre, while three-fourths-bale yields were common. The entire Territory averaged over half a bale to the acre, and 140,000 bales was the crop. For it the farmers received nearly $5,000,000, and it was probably the easiest money that came in from the season's harvest. The low price discouraged some, however, and in 1898 there were only about 125,000 gathered. There was talk of "three-cent cotton" as a possibility, and many farmers there, as well as in the States farther south, thought the industry had seen its best days. The 1899 crop is estimated at 109,000 bales.

With the revival of business, that came to the West as elsewhere, came better prices for cotton, and there has been wide lamentation that more faith was not shown by increased acreage. Even as it is, it is likely that the crop this year will return more clear money than last season. Prices in the local market ranged during the fall from $6 20 to $7, according to grade, and there was little that did not grade so that it brought $6 50. Cotton in the seed brings much less. The picking season, which began early in September and ended with November, was a busy one. Last year hundreds of bales were lost because of the lack of laborers.

Oklahoma has few railroads. For the most part they run north and south at considerable distances apart. As a result the farmers who live east and west of the lines are far from market. They think no more of a thirty-mile drive to town than does the New-Englander of a four-mile journey. When there is enough cotton gathered in a neighborhood for an excursion to the nearest market, all the farmers go together. One day in October a procession of wagons bringing forty-four bales came to Norman, one of the leading cotton-markets, after a journey of thirty-four miles. The farmers had raised a fine quality and received $7 per cwt. for their loads. Other processions, with fifty-three and forty-eight bales respectively, came in later, one having come forty miles, and almost as much was paid for their product. So encouraged are the farmers that there will be a large acreage next season, and arrangements will be made to harvest the crop.

About one hundred gins are in operation in the Territory, most of them being in the smaller towns. At first they were in the market-towns, but the country gins are becoming scattered so thickly over the country districts that there is no difficulty in getting the crop cared for wherever the fields are ripe. The large amount of hand-labor required first and last in gathering and utilizing the crop is giving employment to many workers.

The snowy substance that is taken from the boll, put into bales, compressed, and shipped to the East or exported to Japan or Liverpool, was once considered the only part of the plant worth saving, and the remainder was thrown away as refuse. It is different in these times of utilization of all parts of the product of the field. The cotton-raiser once had to pay for the ginning; now he gets it done for nothing, or perhaps something is paid for the privilege of doing the work. This is because the once unused seed, thrown away and looked upon as something to be disposed of at a loss, is now considered one of the most valuable parts of the crop. It is taken through the crushing-machinery, and appears in four forms—lint, oil, hulls, and meal.

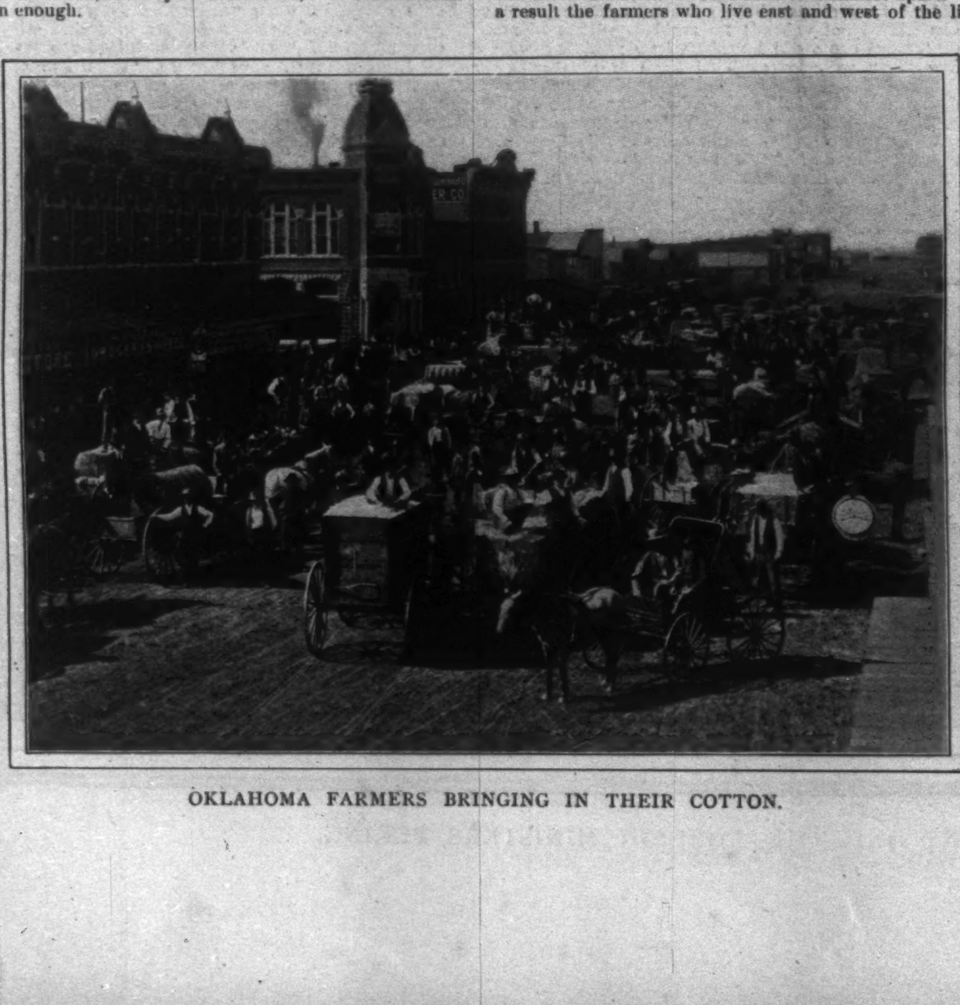
Several cotton-seed-mills are already in operation, and others are in course of erection. They turn out the product in its profitable form in large quantities, and there is a market for every pound. The lint, which runs twenty-five pounds to the ton, is used for cotton batting; the hulls are fed to cattle and horses as a substitute for hay, being valued by the stock-men as one of the best varieties of "roughness"—the Western term for any kind of coarse feed. The oil is used in many ways. It forms the basis of cottolene; compounded with lard, it makes one grade of lard; it adulterates various oils for table and lubricating purposes.

But out of the meal does the West get the most benefit. It costs less than corn when that cereal is at its average price, and its fattening qualities are claimed to be far in excess of maize. One mill at Guthrie shipped, last season, 400 car-loads of meal and oil. On the meal and husks from this mill 2300 cattle were fattened. It is estimated that on the meal and hulls available within a radius of fifty miles from Oklahoma City 60,000 cattle could be fattened. This is of importance as an element of the future of the industry, for there is a prominence given to the cattle-ranches in the Territory found in none of the cotton-raising sections, except in Texas.

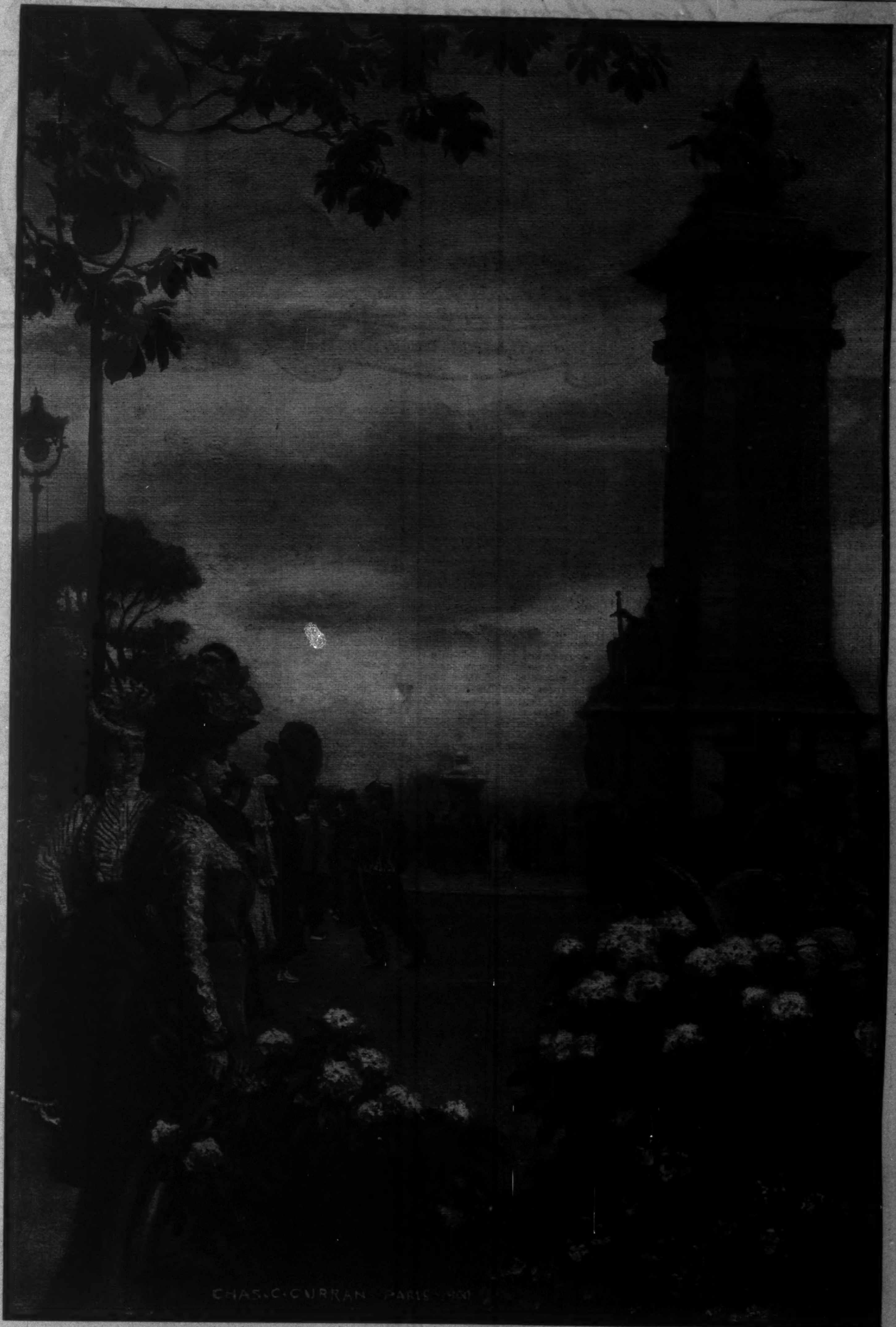
Greater than any other need in connection with the cotton-raising of Oklahoma is that of cotton-mills wherein can be utilized the raw material that is produced. At present the method is to ship the bales to Massachusetts or Connecticut, and then ship the woven goods back to Oklahoma—and the people of the Territory, who had the first chance at the material, pay the freight. They not only lose the wages paid to the operatives in the Eastern mills, but they lose the expense of transportation in both directions, without any particular benefit to themselves. The population is made up largely of Northerners, and they have the push and enterprise to urge this need. With such persistence has it been brought to the front, that it is likely that there will be, before the end of the century, two or more cotton-mills working on the cotton raised within sight of the operatives. It will be an impetus to the farmers, and will give employment to a large number of the people of the community.

It is unlikely that Oklahoma will ever became a great cotton State like some of the Southern commonwealths. Labor is too high, for one thing, and there are too many other lines in which the farmers can find profit.

C. M. HARGER.



OKLAHOMA FARMERS BRINGING IN THEIR COTTON.



ONE OF THE MONUMENTAL CORNERS OF THE NEW PONT ALEXANDRE III., PARIS.

The Advance on Pretoria

II.—From the VET RIVER to KROONSTAD

General Pole-Carew

General Hutton

By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

THE enemy had abandoned their Vet River positions on Saturday night, May 5, 1900, though the fight on Lord Roberts's front at the railway had continued up till dark, and it was not positively known, until daylight next morning, that they had evacuated.

The advance in the early morning was very beautiful, for the main road led up through a rather deep and narrow valley, from which rose swelling hills, capped with flat, rocky kopjes. Over the crests of these hills galloped the Colonial scouts, far and wide, cautiously approaching the precipitous kopjes, which have been death-traps in the past, and, when no fire came, circling around them to the rear, to appear suddenly as figurines blocked against the blue sky.

Only at one point was contact made with a handful of Boer scouts, who hastily fired a few shots and plunged away across the veldt. The main column on the road, with its trailing convoy, pressed steadily forward, and at eleven o'clock the scouts, followed by the New South Wales, who were moving over the hill-tops, came suddenly in sight of the tin-roofed village of Smaldeel, lying below them 500 feet.

Lord Roberts, at daybreak, began feeling the enemy's former position in front of him, and, discovering his absence, soon had his masses of men crowding down on Smaldeel to the right of the line, but they were two hours behind General Hutton's column.

One man in Smaldeel—an English storekeeper, who had been straddling war issues for months in striving to save his stock in trade—almost cried for joy when the British troops arrived, and instantly urged the correspondents to retire to the secrecy of his chamber, where he opened fizzing bottles to celebrate the occasion. An hour afterward he was very unhappy. Tommy, when he is tired and hungry and in the "bloomin' enemy's country," has not a very delicate conscience regarding property rights vested in wandering poultry and sheep, and he is—that is, some of the soldiers are—inclined to seek for a few odd sovereigns that may have been carelessly tucked away in old stockings. The Englishman, a loyal British subject, stood inviting us cordially to dine with him, when in rushed a black boy exclaiming, "Master! dar killin' de ducks!" Yes, the ducks were all gone, and down the street rode a procession of innocent men, with nice fat fellows, strung in pairs, flopping from their saddle-rings. It is strange how a flock of fowls, sociably clucking and quacking about a yard, will dwindle away in one short half-hour, as they review a passing army. The Englishman's next shock was when the commanding officer commandeered all his forage and put a sentry over it; that was not so bad, for he was to be paid by government voucher. He later rushed in shouting: "By God! Do you know they have killed two hundred of my sheep! What shall I do?" "See the provost marshal, of course," we explained, "and get vouchers for them," but before he could act on this sound advice, again he started, and stared down the street, and shot away to haul an inquisitive Tommy by the legs out of a window of his house.

There was no rest for the weary. The British army was going to Kroonstad as expeditiously as a great force, which must be fed from wagon-trains each day, could move, and they were going to cut off the retreating Boers if possible; hence orders were out for General Hutton's brigade to move again at six o'clock Monday morning.

The brigade made no halt until near Welgelegen Siding, fifteen miles from Smaldeel and nine miles from the Zand River. It was here that a very superior farm was found, with out-buildings crowded with grain and fodder, which stock was promptly commandeered and issued to the hungry horses. The orchard was filled with trees heavily laden with yellowing oranges when Tommy arrived, and in the pond gracefully floated geese and ducks, but Tommy's æsthetic tastes are in his stomach, and possibly he did not understand how mutilated was the charming rural spot without a single golden sphere to decorate the trees, nor even a lone goose left to buoy itself up on the waste of water. It must be admitted that oranges are a very grateful dietary change after hardtack and "bully-beef."

"There is a Boer convoy ahead," the report spread, "and the Mounted Infantry is to chase it."

Over rises and through dips in the veldt we go, watching anxiously for the telltale column of dust made by moving wagons to appear on the horizon, but with each elevation reached comes a distinct sense of disappointment, for, instead of looking miles ahead, we can see but a puny thousand yards. The sky has clouded into heavy hanging masses, caused, perhaps, by the gigantic explosions of dynamite used by the Boers in rending bridges all the day long. The sun is slowly sinking westward, and if we are to capture a wagon-train it must be done soon, or night will have fallen.

Three miles away a halt is called, and a dozen officers are sweeping the country with their glasses. "Heavens! There's the whole bully Boer army. See 'em! There's thousands of 'em!" The British army officer and soldier have never before seen so many Boers in a single mass. True, at Paardeburg they saw Kronje's four thousand surrender after a display of days of bull-dog grit against overwhelming numbers, but here, before the eyes of a few squadrons of New South Wales and Canadian troops, only a mile or so away, were eight or ten thousand men. How helpless that little body of Colonials was against these numbers! They simply stood and watched the magnificent spectacle of the enemy's army moving slowly away.

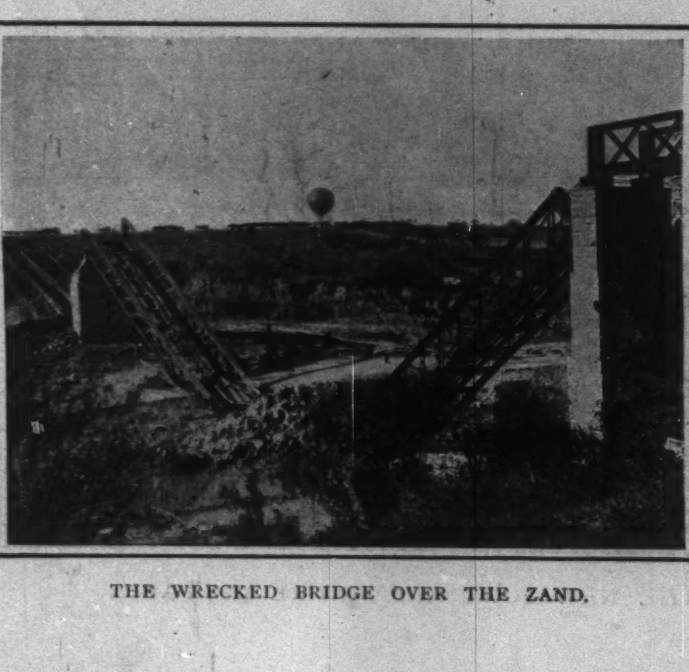
Several thousand were quietly riding off to the left, following the general trend of the Zand River. A thousand or two were passing to the right of the railway and up into the steep-sided kopjes, evidently intending to fight there. Organization in solid phalanxes, as known to the Britisher, did not exist. They rode singly, in clusters and by hundreds, every man apparently for himself, yet obeying a directing hand. On the railroad four long trains, with steam up and a mass of moving men around them, stood in the station, and, as the onlookers strained their eyes at the field-glasses, they pulled out, one by one, and disappeared over a rise in the veldt, winding in and out ten miles away. Far to the right, on what must have been the main road, a massive but low-hung dust cloud reached out to the horizon, and, following it back again, it wound down to the river's edge. It was made by the enemy's wagon-trains, miles and miles in length.

"I say. Look at that! They're taking the last convoy across the drift now," said a New South Wales officer, excitedly. "Come on with those scouts and we'll feel our way down to the river. Tell the men of the squadron to come up on this hill and see the Boers, but not to expose themselves too much."

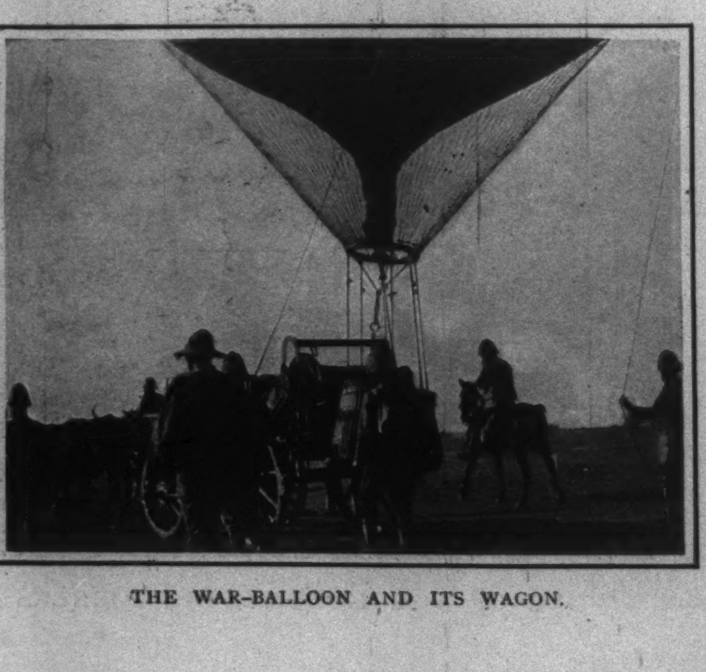
The handful of scouts pressed on. A mile back on the railway track, General Hutton and his staff watched the display; before them and to their left the Canadians were drawn up in a solid body, with the ambulance wagons just coming to a standstill behind them, eight hundred yards from the bridge—a structure of three high-strung steel spans. Then a roar like a trebled clap of thunder filled the air, and every man instinctively shrank back from the expected blow.

The Boers had blown the bridge up under our noses, and the heavens were filled with clouds of white smoke, the yellow dust of flying rock and black bits of steel girders and rails.

Again an explosion came—the second stone pier was gone, and with a rushing, crackling, reverberating sound, the structure fell in a tangled mass to the



THE WRECKED BRIDGE OVER THE ZAND.



THE WAR-BALLOON AND ITS WAGON.

CONVOYS WAITING TO CROSS THE ZAND RIVER.

WATERING THE HORSES AT A "PAN."

river-bed, fifty feet below. Suddenly, half a mile to the right, our scouts were seen fleeing for the rear-ward hill-tops—four hundred mounted Boers were making a desperate attempt to outflank and capture them. Before any one could breathe, or before those to the left recognized their own possible danger of capture unless a quick retreat was made, there came a shower of bullets; everybody was on his feet, watching the wonderful sight of a bridge sailing upwards, under the impulse of ten times the quantity of dynamite needed for its destruction.

Zwee! Zwee! Zwee! "Here it comes!" Boom! and a shell has rushed over the squadron just in the rear, and torn up the ground with a muffled explosion.

The shells came in one, two, three order, over and over again, bursting just ahead of the column of men, who at first walked their horses, then trotted them, and finally set them into a faster pace, moving by the right oblique or "right slant." At least six guns were in action, and the range was fully 5000 yards.

The Boers got tired of trying to hit single squadrons moving off at angles, though they placed shell upon shell right behind and right before each body, as fast as they could fire. They wanted us to understand that all they had previously done was short-range firing, for they quite unexpectedly sent a big shrapnel roaring up the lines over the massed Canadians, fully fifteen hundred yards farther away, and it burst high in the air to fall in a racking shower in front of the ambulances.

They moved out steadily, never changing the formation, and miraculously enough, amidst all the hissing pieces of jagged iron and steel balls, not a man was killed, though some few were badly jarrrd by ricochetting pieces.

The sun sank behind the straight edge of land in the west, and, as is the way of nature in this dry climate, a beautiful band of pink, blending into the blue, rose on the eastern sky—the dusk was just sufficient to show the vivid brilliant flash of every bursting shell, now falling farther and farther behind the withdrawing troops.

The Boer commandoes were those of Del Rey and De Wet—but it was De Wet's convoys we came so near cutting off, so said some of the Free State soldiers who had surrendered. It was afterward learned from other prisoners, who had been with the Boer column from the beginning of its retreat from Wepener and Dewetsdorp, that the backward movement had been one of frightful torture to every man in it. De Wet eluded all the British troops, except where he fought rear-guard actions, but the effort cost him a large number of horses, and his oxen were utterly worn out. General Hamilton, of the Mounted Infantry Division, succeeded in finding De Wet's trail after he had run around Thabanchu on the right, and for nine days this doughty Boer had his men fighting a rear-guard fight, which successfully held the British advance long enough for him to keep his convoys always about twenty miles north of his pursuing enemy. It was at the Zand we were closest, when Hutton's men watched him make junction with Del Rey, and pass his last wagons safely over the drift.

The brigade of Mounted Infantry could inflict no damage on the big Boer column. The Guards Brigade and the 11th Division of Infantry had been left far in the rear, so all of Tuesday was spent in camp at Welgelegen, though the Remington South-African Scouts and the Canadians kept in touch with the river to the north. In the evening the startling report came in that the enemy, supposed to have gone, were in fact still present on the Zand in great numbers. The spirits of the men rose accordingly, for the promise of a fight—a knock-out fight—appealed to Tommy far more than this weary, fruitless chasing of a fleet-footed army.

In this perfect climate men do not feel the fatigue of a march greatly, and recuperate quickly—within a few hours. It is surprising how men go down with disease where the temperature and general atmospheric conditions are exactly suited to out-door life and prolonged exertion. It might be suggested mildly that, while the average British officer is a fine physical specimen—or rather a type of carefully trained, well-groomed thoroughbred, who must have his environment somewhere near in keeping with his habits or he is injured—Tommy is not a very stalwart man. He is scrubby, ill-shaped, carries himself badly, and has not the physical or mental stamina of the American soldier. The writer quite appreciates, now, the enthusiasm exhibited by certain British military attachés in Cuba over the magnificent type of manhood presented in that little army sent to the fever-hole of Santiago. The British Tommy is more of an automaton, obeying orders, willingly, mildly, and hence when he gets a day's holiday in camp—unlike the American soldier with great reserve of vital energy which must exhibit itself in many forms of deviltry—he lies down to idleness and wishes the "bloody war" was over, or that the "bloomin' Boers would stand." The Colonials evidence the same unsuppressible characteristics as our own soldiers—scouring the country on French leave at every opportunity, and playing games in camp. Horse-stock being the most important problem to every Colonial trooper, he naturally keeps his weather eye open for an exchange of the Roman-nosed half-mule Argentine pony furnished him by the government. He doesn't steal—oh no!—he commandeers, which is far more genteel, but the painful exertions he sometimes makes in disguising an irate farmer's horse into a new unrecognizable specimen, while the owner complains to the general, are very ridiculous. Into camp rides a typical cowboy, leading a very pretty animal with flowing mane and tail. "Where did you get that?" shouts one of his companions. "Did you commandeer it?" The Colonial's lip curls and he answers: "No! Don't you chaps know an Argentyne horse when you see it?" Now the Argentine horse is the most profoundly ugly animal ever bred, and his sally always provokes a laugh. In fifteen minutes the new acquisition is divested of mane, has a docked tail, blackened hoofs, and a new brand on its flank. It is to be feared that some of these men may get into habits which will hang them at home, in later years, where a worse word than commandeering is used.

THE DYNAMITED RAILROAD.

The Guards Brigade of General Pole-Carew did not reach Welgelegen until 2 P.M. of Wednesday, though Lord Kitchener came through to General Hutton's temporary residence at the railroad station several hours earlier and was soon followed by Lord Roberts and the staff.

Later in the afternoon the beautiful balloon, fastened to the rear of a wagon and with the aëronaut in the basket, came trailing up the road in a cloud of dust, and a little behind came the big naval guns.

Now came the difficulties of crossing the deepest river-bed so far encountered out of Bloemfontein, and, as the thousands and thousands of wagons with their snaky lines of oxen and mules drew in on the river and were packed into a solid mass, running backward in radiant lines from a single centre—the road into the gulch—one wondered if it ever would be possible to pass such a conglomeration of vehicles through the steeply inclined, deeply cut roadway in a week's time. It did take thirty-six hours, but the engineers worked through day and night to make new roads and lower the grades, and the transport officers ordering the wagons through were as thick as bees, and kept the procession (once started) moving without more than an occasional hitch—when some woolly-headed driver locked the wheel of his ten-ton load under his wagon, and fifty soldiers were required to skid the back wheels into line again.

Mile after mile the footies marched, and behind them came mile after mile of convoy. At first in a single line, then gradually spreading out over the rolling veldt, until it was an immense wagon procession of three or four great heads, split into several wagon-trains travelling side by side. Dust clouds rolled up until they filled the sky, covering drivers and escort deep with a yellow coating. Far into the night they moved (sometimes blocked for a few minutes by a bellowing herd of cattle), travelling in the brilliant moonlight, but visible only as an immense pyramid of penetrating, rising dust, and now blocking one another at narrowing places in the road.

Kroonstad was ours without a fight; the city where Steyn had said they placed their capital because it could be defended. Over the stone-laid river, where the road is cut in solid rock, stood sentries, at the entrance to the town. No one could pass in until Lord Roberts had made his triumphal entry.

A delegation of Englishmen and Dutchmen from the town drove out in a hotel 'bus to see Lord Roberts, and on the edge of the dead-line to the city the civilians and black Kafirs discoursed animatedly, in droves, on the retreat of the enemy and the incidents of the past few days.

"Here they come!" and a general rush for favorable positions is made, as over the hill waft the strains of a military band. Nearer and nearer, and then swinging around the last turn in the road reaching to the water, comes the procession, with Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener at the head, followed by a long line of staff, and through the water, splashing in sparkling drops, they move.

Kroonstad, one hundred and thirty miles from Bloemfontein, was reached in twelve days, which is a marvellously rapid advance for huge convoys and infantry to make.

KROONSTAD, *May 14, 1900.*

Lord Roberts. Lord Kitchener.

LORD ROBERTS'S ENTRANCE INTO KROONSTAD.

MILITARY MUSIC ON THE W

WATER-FRONT AT SHANGHAI

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.*

By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER XXII

THE VENGEANCE OF NICHOLAS CARMICHAEL

WARBURTON had followed the girl into the room, and now discovered her struck white and trembling on the threshold.

"What is it?" he asked, and perceived the body of the baronet. "By the Lord! here is vengeance; 'tis justice unassisted," he murmured.

Warburton turned to the man Sloan, who had entered after them, and seeing he was observed, the fellow began to wring his hands, muttering to himself. "How did this happen?" Warburton asked, sternly, pointing to the dead man.

Sloan's agitation visibly swelled. "Sure, 'twas over very sudden," he declared, garrulously. "There was a knock came on the big door, and it roused me by three of the morning. I looked out, your honor, and the sky was black with rain; but at the door was him knocking, and standing very still, with a lanthorn in his hand, like as one that is come for to claim his own in the dead of the night. I was afraid of the lanthorn, and he knocked again; and then I put my head right without the window. 'Who is there,' says I, 'that makes so bold a noise?' He looked up, and I saw his face, asthore, like a dead man's—still and white under the lanthorn. 'Open to me,' says he; 'I am come for your master.' 'Devil a bit,' says I, and shut to the window, for indeed the master had been long abed, and I thought 'twas time he spoke. But after that he knocked harder than before, and bids me angrily to let him in in the name of the Law, and when I heard he was come for to do the Law I was more feared, but I dursn't disobey him. When he was in he turned sharply on me. 'I hear your master is ill,' he says, 'and I regret that my errand will brook no delay,' he says. 'I must talk with him.' But ere more was said there was a voice on the stair, and we turned about, and the master was standing there with a light in his hand, very pale and shaking. I cried out, your honor, for 'twas the first time that I see him afoot for these many weeks. But the gentleman that was like the devil, says he, quietly, 'I am all sorrow to disturb you, Sir Stephen,' bowing while he spoke, 'but there is that in which the Law requires me to talk with ye.' Then, Mistress Chloris, 'twas all over, alas! for the master, his honor, took a step and opened of his lips, but fell down where he stood and lay there and never spoke. Sure, 'twas the devil and I carried him into the room here, and set him like that, peaceful and still."

"And you were informer against your master?" said Warburton, regarding him with contempt.

"Indeed, your honor," answered the man, in a humble but surly tone, "'twas not for me to gainsay the Law, with the master dead and Mr. Nicholas gone, and Mr. Philip away."

"He is no more traitor than the rest of us in this house," broke in Chloris, in a hard voice. "'Tis our trade. I am glad he gave the information, for 'twill end us all." She stepped forward again to the couch on which her father's body lay and bent over it. Warburton respected her action and walked to the open window, looking forth. Then he felt himself touched on the arm, and stirring, found two eager shining eyes that burned in a white face.

"You are all that is left me," she said, softly, but intensely. "I pray God you do not turn from one of my blood."

"Troth, child, why should I?" he answered, moved in his slow heart. "But you must not tarry here. This is a place which any of your name were best away from. God forgive me! I have set my hand to the plough, and I will not look back. See you here, sweetheart. You have said in your blindness that this is my doing. 'Tis not, and you know it. But what remains is so to achieve things that there shall rest no suspicion on any one on this account, save on this fellow only," he added, with a glance at Sloan.

"What is it you mean?" she asked, forlornly.

"We must not leave our work half done," he replied. "There is one duty accomplished, but another rises. Where is the letter that I left with you?"

She said, "'Tis in the cottage in the dunes."

"It must be burned," he said. "As your letter is destroyed so this must be, and none then may cast a stone at my wife."

"Wife! Wife!" she said, staring at him, and threw herself into his arms. "I have misjudged. I knew you not. I had fears of you. You are a strange and foreign man to me. Why do you hold yourself so cold and aloof? Oh, my God, what is it you say? I care not. Wife! What do I care? I hold you, I have you. I will give up my brothers to any justice for you."

He raised her from where she had fallen, very tenderly. "There is a noise without," he said. "Some one is returning, and maybe Gellibrand. We were better away. I do not desire that you should encounter these people."

"But my father—" she said.

"He is safe; he sleeps sound. No harm will touch him. Come away."

He drew her with him into the hall and they passed out together, going down to the little bay. One of the boats rocked in the long ripples idly, and the sun shone brightly on the silver strand. Presently they had pushed off and were standing for the coast, the sails swollen with a rising breeze. The islands fell away, and in front the moorland rose up with significance. In the bow Chloris reclined, her face towards him and the rolling blue space behind, but slowly her lips drooped and she passed into the sleep of the weary. Warburton sat and watched her and the horizon alternately.

He woke her as the keel struck on the beach, and with a start she opened her eyes.

"I would I could leave you here, dear," said he, "but I must see you safe in Marlock. There are those who will take you in and befriend you."

"I will stay with you," she said, eagerly, and refreshed by her little rest, set out with animation to climb the dunes.

The sun hung proudly over the moorland when they reached the cottage, and already the heat of the day was begun.

"Where is the paper?" asked Warburton, and she handed it to him silently, watching. He gathered some dried grasses from a corner of the room and put them in the fireplace; upon this he set sticks, and striking a light, kindled the flame. The sheet of fire flared up the broken chimney, and Warburton deliberately cast the letter into the heart of it. The paper crackled, was eaten greedily, and fell at last into a thin, black, and brittle coil. Warburton glanced up at Chloris and smiled faintly.

"'Tis done," said he; and then suddenly in the open doorway, his dark features working with savage exultation, stood Nicholas Carmichael.

"'Tis not done yet," said he, with a sneer, "but 'twill be all over very quickly, Mr. Warburton," and turned on his sister blazing eyes.

Warburton had drawn himself up and now stood at his great stature, coolly contemplating the intruder. He was bitterly angry, yet held himself quiet, awaiting events. But it now seemed that Nicholas kept a rigid command of himself, for he made no effort to translate into action that ferocious threat of his expression. The two men surveyed each other without words until Carmichael broke the silence.

"I have sought you long, Mr. Warburton, but everything comes to patience, and I find you at last."

"Sir, you are welcome to any satisfaction you may obtain from the fact," responded the other, coldly.

"We have some business to settle together," pursued Nicholas.

"On the contrary, I am not aware of any particular in which we have a common interest," rejoined Warburton, indifferently.

"You wonder why I talk so quietly," went on Nicholas, paying this no heed. "It is because I am sure of you this time. Other times I have trusted to fools and been deceived; this time I trust myself."

"A very natural confidence," returned Warburton, "if confined to yourself."

Nicholas Carmichael shook with anger, and he drew a pistol. "I have the power and the right to shoot you like a dog," he said.

Chloris uttered a cry and moved a step forward, but Warburton held up his hand in warning. "What is your quarrel, sir?" he asked, restraining himself for her sake. "You have savage ways upon this coast, and I confess I do not wholly understand you."

"There is no need to capitulate your offences," said Carmichael. "There is need only to be rid of you."

"Come, come, sir," said Warburton, with a sigh of vexation. "You are at cross-purposes with me. I know your ground of offence, which is that I have given you up to your just punishment of the Law. But it is not so; your secret is still in my hands. I have done nothing."

"You lie!" said Nicholas, hastily. "And if it were so, there would be the greater reason for your death."

"I am a man of honor," said Warburton, still patient to outside seeming, "which may not be said of all that lay claim to the name of gentleman, no doubt. Yet I am one, and I assure you of the truth of what I say."

"How is it that there is a warrant against me?" inquired Nicholas, furiously. "The soldiers are after me."

Warburton threw up his arm quickly with a stern question of authority, as the girl stepped forward, with lips parted, eager to speak, and at that sign she fell back crestfallen.

"There is another who is no friend to you and your house," he said, slowly. "There may be many."

"Who is that?" asked Nicholas.

"I am just come from the island," explained Warburton, "and with orders for your arrest."

"Well," said Nicholas, with a sneer, "they shall not take me, and are welcome to what they can find."

"They know of the cavern," said Warburton.

"It does not surprise me," said the other, glaring on him.

"Nay, believe me, sir," said Warburton, with exemplary restraint, "you do me wrong. The informer was of your own household, an Irishman."

"Sloan!" said Nicholas, fiercely, and swore a horrid oath. "What has this to do with the case?" he demanded, "save that it ensures your death the more."

"You speak very confident about my death," answered Warburton, calmly. "You were wiser to consider your own neck and how it is imperilled. Come, Mr. Carmichael, I am in no mood for argument, being very tired. I am much wearied by your family. Let me explain. I have no quarrel with you. I once thought I had, but philosophy proved me foolish. Let the dead bury their dead. I have no wish to mingle in your affairs. Indeed, I have just gone out of the way to help you, or rather Sir Stephen, for you are nothing to me. Lieutenant Gellibrand will find nothing in the cave."

"What do you mean?" asked Nicholas, staring.

"Why, there is no cave any longer. It disappeared at dawn, thanks to a raging thunder-storm and Bonaparte's gunpowder."

Nicholas Carmichael scowled at him, but was silent, considering.

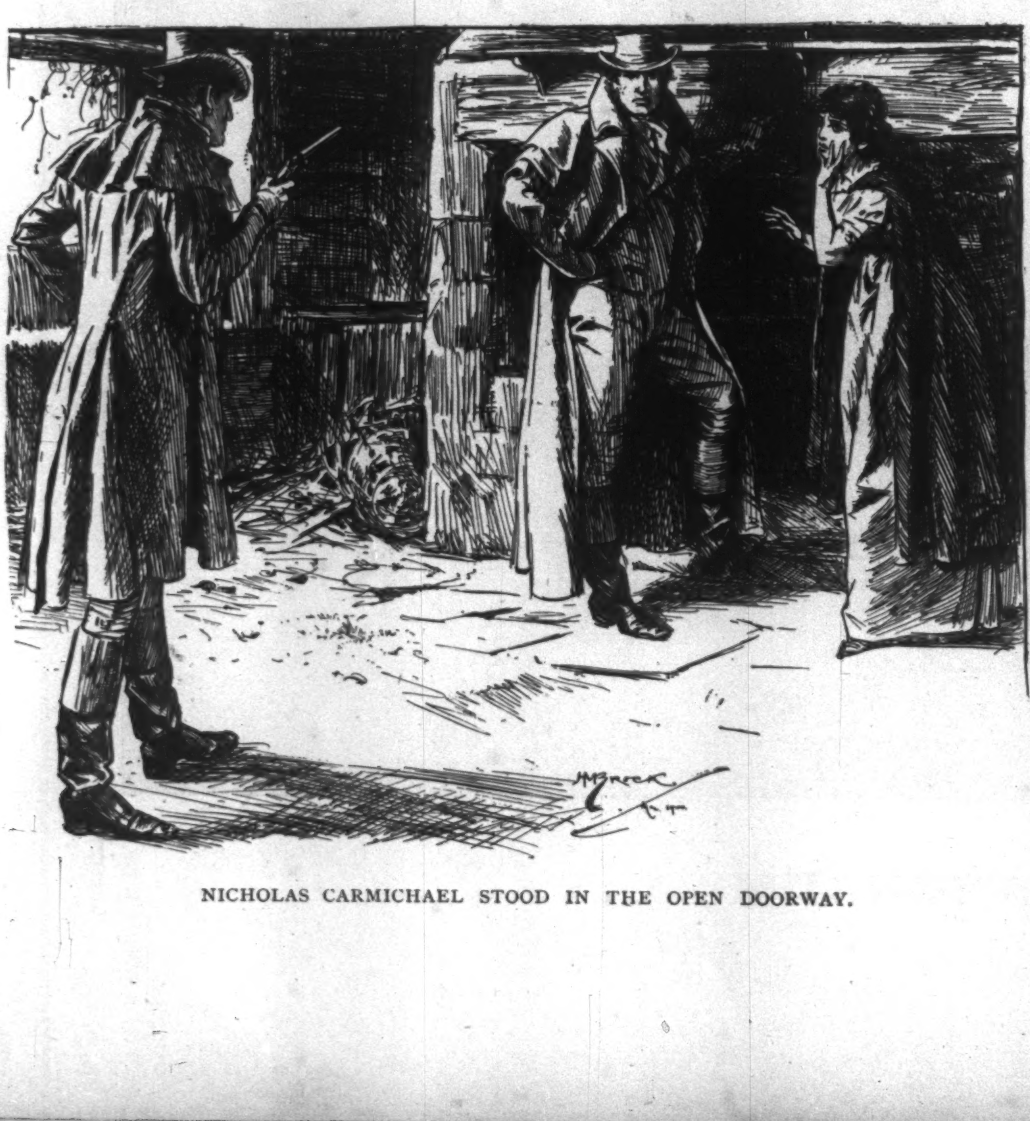
"You have done very well. I commend your zeal, sir," he said, at length, ironically. "You have done good service to the Carmichaels, and they do not forget. But touching the matter of that letter."

Warburton pointed to the fire, in which a thread of smoke still rose from the black film of the letter. "'Tis there," said he. "It burnt ere your entrance. There is no evidence against any Carmichael in my possession. They are free."

He spoke with some dignity of utterance, as one conferring a favor upon ungrateful ears, or as one that pardons magnanimously a grave offender out of indifference.

"Sure, sir," said Nicholas Carmichael, in a soft and treacherous voice—"sure, sir, we of our house should owe you a deep debt. There is no evidence against us, you say. I am glad to hear it and that you have done so much in affection for us."

"I would not raise a hand to help you," broke out



NICHOLAS CARMICHAEL STOOD IN THE OPEN DOORWAY.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

Warburton, angrily. "'Tis not you that I have done this for—not you, not you, my God!"

Nicholas Carmichael's voice sank hoarse and hollow. "For whom was it done?" he asked. "For whom? For whom?"

"I could not have Sir Stephen at his age fall upon such a misfortune," said Warburton, coldly, "and I made bold to join with Miss Carmichael here in an attempt to aid him. For the destruction of this letter, for this heap of ashes, and the sterner payments of the cave you shall thank her."

Warburton spoke in ignorance of what had happened between Nicholas and his sister, and he spoke to shield her and to set right what might carry a dark interpretation to one of that hot blood. The grin of malevolent passion that overspread the man's face astounded him.

"Indeed," said Nicholas, "you have redeemed your hostility to us by this humble submission. That is wiped out. I owe you no grudge for your spying on us, nor for your theft of that letter. There is an end of it. But did you think, fool, that I was here merely to take vengeance on you for that? No! You are condemned on many counts, and each one is Death. Do you think I know not what has moved you to this act? I was but playing with you, Mr. Warburton. The cause is there! 'Tis there, standing with a look of terror on her face!" he thundered, pointing a finger at his sister. "That is what I am come for—to exact upon your body the penalty of our shame! You have dared to love her, and by you is she taught to betray her blood. You shall die for that, and God shall judge if she also shall not die!"

Warburton moved from his place by the fire. "Hold your peace!" he said, with authority in his bearing. "You are beside yourself. You name one that should not be mentioned, who stands too nigh to be thrust into the quarrel."

"I name one who has shamed my blood, and one that shall die for that shame," said Nicholas, drawing his sword, with his black face alight.

But Chloris sprang forward from the background where she had staid in response to her lover's commands and swallowed in a mighty passion like her brother.

"Who are you, Nicholas Carmichael," she cried, "to interfere between me and what I will? 'Tis for me to avenge myself, if I will, and not for others. Go forth out of that door and never let me see your face again! I care not if you be taken and rot on the gallows! You are no brother of mine, but a devil! Let me alone! I will not be bounden to you, and you shall do no harm here!"

Nicholas struck at her furiously with his hand, but Warburton, with an exclamation of anger, at last stood between, pushing her aside, and the blow fell on his arm.

"She shall wait; 'tis with you first," said Nicholas, and thrust out his sword.

Warburton was unarmed, for his pistol had been dropped in the hall of Lynsea, and he gave way towards the hall so as to avoid the point. Hastily he cast his eyes about the room, and perceiving a rude billet of wood in one corner, secured it at a bound, and caught the next thrust of the madman's weapon upon this rough buckler. Ere a third stroke could fall, Chloris, with all her majestic litheness, leaped upon her brother like a panther, arresting his sword-arm.

"Curse you!" he said, and uttered a foul name.

"Run! Run!" she panted to Warburton, and even in that moment back upon his memory flashed the scene in the cave and the picture of the girl swaying with her brother once again.

Warburton took a step forward, and seizing Nicholas Carmichael's arm, wrenched away the sword. He was still cool and master of himself, though breathing quickly.

"Let him go, Chloris!" he said. "Let him go! He plays but a foolish part. He is mad."

At his words the girl loosened her arms, but her brother threw her off with an oath, so that she staggered against the wall. In a moment he stood glaring at his antagonist, who now held the long blade in his hand.

"For the sake of your sister, I bid you go," said Warburton, sternly. "I would slay you with your own weapon were it not for her who shall be my wife. She shall thus be saved from your accursed blood."

"She shall never be your wife," said Nicholas, and flinging forward a pistol which he had taken from his coat, hurled and cocked it.

Chloris uttered a scream, and Warburton raised his sword swiftly, but ere the hammer could fall there came a sound from without of voices, which deranged even the design of that mad assassin. He halted, turned his ear to the door, and behold! gleaming in the morning light shone the red coats of the soldiery. An ejaculation issued from his lips and he darted past his sister, flew like a cat at the broken window, and carrying with him a clod of mortar in his leap, was out of the cottage and running like a hare through the precincts of the ancient ruined chapel.

CHAPTER XXIII

ON THE SANDS BY LYNSEA

The miraculous speed of this flight took Warburton aback, and annoyed the posse of soldiers also that stood in the door. The officer in charge, whom Warburton recognized as his own Captain, issued instructions on the instant, and his men spread in a fan in pursuit of the fugitive. He himself offered a greeting to Warburton, very civilly, and his glance lighting on Chloris, started.

"What, a lady!" said he. "I ask your pardon. But I believe we came just in time—a desperate fellow, that, though 'tis a pity for his family."

Warburton motioned him from the room (which silent command he obeyed with a stare), and then took Chloris's hand.

"I will follow," he said, "and see what may be done. He is mad. Rest here."

She shook her head wearily. "I care not what happens," she answered, with a quick flash of spirit.

He joined the soldier outside, and they went together in the direction of the pursuit. Far away a solitary figure was visible mounting a rise.

"'Tis he," said the Captain. "They might bring him down, but that I am loath to do so. I have no orders."

"He is mad," said Warburton. "Let him escape."

The officer looked at him. "Dare not," he said, earnestly.

"Bah! I meant no appeal to you," said Warburton. "I know, my dear sir, that you must do your duty. What I meant was that it was best for all that he should escape rather than be brought to justice, and discredit an ancient family."

"True, sir; very true," agreed the soldier. "But I must catch him."

They quickened their pace to a run, and emerged then into the wilderness of grass-grown sand.

Warburton pointed to the left, where a man was to be seen breasting a hill of sand, and to him they directed their steps. When they were near enough he was recognized for one of the soldiers, and explained that he and his companions had separated in order to cover as much ground as possible, but so far as he was aware no traces of Nicholas Carmichael had been found.

"He cannot have run so fast as to be clean away," protested the Captain. "He must be in these accursed hills."

"Aye," said Warburton, smiling scornfully. "There is a 'needle in a hay-stack,' sir, if you will hunt it through."

Presently, as a pheasant starts out of the ground, there rose upon their left the figure of a man and fled. The private darted from Warburton's side and raced over the hillocks in pursuit. Then upon the farther side of the fugitive rose cries, and a third figure came into sight, running towards Carmichael. Warburton watched eagerly, the wish strong in his heart that this man should escape. Nicholas Carmichael hesitated in his course, and then, swerving, turned away and ran parallel to the hills of the pursuit. Without a sound of any kind the two men followed, but their Captain raised echoes across the dunes calling upon his scattered band.

"Let be! Let be!" said Warburton, impatiently.

"Sir," said the other, drawing himself up, "I can take no commands from you."

"Oh, be damned!" said Warburton, and began himself to run in the direction in which the others had vanished. He caught sight of them presently—the quarry and the hounds—and the distance between them remained. Whither was Nicholas Carmichael bent? And was it possible that he could escape if he should outlast the soldiery? Then it dawned swiftly upon him whither the chase was leading, for over the elbow of the dunes he saw the sea gleaming and tumbling in the morning sun. Nicholas Carmichael saw it also, and the prospect appeared to encourage him, for he increased his pace and passed away. Warburton saw the three men fading from his sight; the edge of the land swallowed them; they seemed to roll over a precipice and down upon the rocks below.

A little later, however, he saw what had happened, for the cliffs suddenly sprang out before his feet, and he beheld the shelving land miles towards the bay, beyond that the smuggler leaping down the rocks; and farther still the dancing waters of the Gut, and the sunlit peaks of Lynsea.

Warburton slipped down the hill as fast as he might, and by this act was brought nearer to the fugitive, who had taken a sharp angle in his course and was making for the sands. Suddenly Warburton saw his object, for floating upon the tide upon the distant edge of this tiny bay was a little boat. It was true that it stood upon the margin of the ravening Gut, yet Nicholas was an expert sailor, knew every foot of water thereabouts, and at all events the chances were better than upon the land, and to be taken on that capital charge. Once at sea he would be out of his pursuers' reach, and it would be odds if he could be taken on that rugged and unfriendly coast.

Warburton now found himself running towards the sea down a descent of green grass, while the two soldiers raced near one another in the wake of their prey. They had gained upon him, but he threw a glance over his shoulder and redoubled his exertions so that the space between them drew out. Then once more it drew in and fast was swallowed up. Warburton heard some one behind him, whom he guessed to be the Captain, and he heard next the man's voice screaming breathlessly:

"Shoot! Shoot! He will gain the boat! He must be taken!"

At these words one of the soldiers made a furious spurt and came within a dozen yards of Carmichael. He had already raised a hand involuntarily as if to grasp his prisoner, when the fugitive threw up his arms, staggered, rose again, and staggered even more; and rolling over, seemed to fight and struggle for an instant, and then with a horrible cry of terror was sucked in and vanished in the oozing sand.

The soldier checked himself on the verge of that terrible slough and stood shaking like a reed—the man behind flung himself upon his face, drawing deep, discomfortable breaths.

Warburton drew up.

"'Tis the quicksand," he said.

"THEN I AM SIR PHILIP!"

"My God!" said the Captain of the posse, and shuddered.

"The quicksand has him," said Warburton, slowly, and with difficulty, by reason of his breathless state; and to that he added: "I was wrong. 'Twas not his escape that would be for the best. 'Tis this," and he pointed towards the water's edge.

The Captain shuddered again and stared on him with open amazement. "'Tis a devilish fate," he said. "Yet I am glad 'twas I that arrested him."

Warburton turned his back on the scene without further talk, and slowly retraced his way towards the cottage. He found Chloris lying upon the rude couch of grass, asleep, and for some moments he stood watching her, the expression upon his face changing. She was sunk in the slumber of exhaustion, and to wake her were to bring her back to the hard fortune of life and realization. Yet it was advisable that she should be removed elsewhere, and he thought of her brother Philip, who was, as he conjectured, somewhere in the neighborhood of Marlock. He stooped and kissed her forehead lightly, and at the touch she stirred and sat up with a gasp. Her eyes fell on him and smiled affectionately, then she remembered, and some questions rose on her speaking features.

"He is gone," said he. "'Tis all over. They have not taken him; his secret dies with him."

Chloris uttered a little trembling sigh and said nothing. He lifted her to her feet.

"If you are rested, sweetheart, it is well that we were going," he said.

"Going! Whither?" she asked, vaguely.

"I will give you in charge to your brother Philip," he replied. "He shall look after you until I claim you."

She answered nothing, and presently they were upon their way. In Marlock the whole village was by this time astir, and news of importance was passing from lip to lip. Warburton walked up the street, and many inquisitive glances followed him and his companion. No doubt they had heard something of what had happened and wondered. At the head of the street a person of some position in the village passed and seemed as if he would address the girl, casting a look askance at Warburton, but he put up his hand with an impatient and stern gesture, and the communication was never made. These gossips were full of the stuff they loved. Before the "Three Feathers" they unexpectedly encountered another group, which breaking swiftly, out of the thick stepped Sir George and eagerly accosted him.

"Mr. Warburton, there are strange tales about, of Sir Stephen Carmichael and—" he paused, as his gaze struck upon Chloris. "How comes this lady here?" he inquired in astonishment. "Does she not know? Her father is dead."

Warburton regarded him steadfastly. "You can give us no news, Sir George," he answered, and behind her guardian he met the curious eyes of Dorothy Holt, which were fastened on him with what he interpreted as a look of triumph.

"Sir Stephen is dead," said he, "of an ancient enemy. His loss was expected, poor man. I trust his family will bear up against the dreadful past. But there is a successor—the name still remains."

"Indeed, sir, I understand something very differ-

ent," began Sir George. "I have heard a curious story. The elder son was—"

"I have said you can give us no news," broke in Warburton, sharply, ere the word was uttered, and again was conscious of Miss Holt's face, now bearing a malevolent simper. "Sir Philip remains," he said, "and," he took Chloris's hand, "I wish to make you an introduction to this lady, who has promised to be my wife."

Sir George stared, and over Miss Holt's face passed an angry flare of red. "'Pon my soul, Mr. Warburton, you amaze me!" said the former. "Well, well, 'tis well done, I vow. But not so—strange—strange," and he came awkwardly to a stop. "I must offer you my congratulations, sir," he added.

Warburton bowed and turned to Miss Holt. "I think, madam," he said, slowly, "that I have to thank you for a night in gaol."

"What's that?" said Sir George, pricking up his ears.

"Miss Holt, sir, was obliging enough to have me laid by the heels," explained Warburton, while the girl grew scarlet and then white. "For some reason she can best explain, she swore an information against me."

"He is in league with these Carmichaels," burst forth the girl, with hysterical anger, trembling in her fear.

Chloris's eyes shot fire, but Sir George, who was greatly taken aback, and thrown into a state of fuss, checked his ward sharply.

"You will be returning soon to town, Mr. Warburton?" he said, in an effort to regain his composure. "You will be seeing your uncle?"

"Maybe," said Warburton, curtly.

"Commend me to my lord," persisted Sir George. "I heard he was far from well—his old complaint."

He glanced at Chloris, as one who would suggest that here stood the future Countess of Crayle.

Warburton bowed again, and with the soft pressure of Chloris's fingers on his arm turned towards the inn. The frightened countenance of the landlord met him in the passage and flitted away as if in terror of a phantom, but Warburton passed on. Inside the long room a voice sounded, calling on Tremayne, and pushing the door open, he entered. There sat Philip Carmichael, his face flushed, his hair awry, and a bottle at his elbow. He laughed noisily at Warburton, and, suddenly checking himself, stared in bewilderment at his sister.

"What does this mean?" he asked, vacantly.

"It means, sir, that this is no proper time to be drinking," said Warburton, very roughly, and knocked over the bottle, spilling the red wine on the floor.

"Damme! sir, what is this piece of insolence?" stuttered Philip, struggling to his feet. "And what does sis here?"

"Go outside and you will learn what it means," said Warburton, contemptuously. "Have they not brought the news of your father's death?"

"'Tis true, he is dead, rest him," said Philip, surlily. "But you have broken my bottle," and rapped loudly for the innkeeper.

Warburton stood regarding him with a glance of disgust, and was conscious that Chloris's hand was stolen gently into his. He turned and found a pitiful face directed on her brother, in which a great horror mingled with tears. He held tight the hand.

"Know you this also," he said, sternly, "that your brother Nicholas is dead also?"

The fingers closed convulsively on his, and Philip started.

"What! Nick dead?" he exclaimed, in bewilderment. "How comes he dead? You are lying." Warburton did not answer to this, and he let his eyes drop. "The devil!" Philip exclaimed, in a lower voice, in which was a thrill. "Then I am Sir Philip!"

"My God! you are welcome to it," cried Warburton, in disgust.

"Sir Philip!" said he, not heeding. "Poor Nick! 'Tis worth another bottle. Poor Nick!"

Warburton turned away abruptly, and got out of the room with Chloris white and failing.

"Cheer up, sweetheart," he whispered. He had given up forthwith the thought of Philip as his sister's protector.

"We are well gone," she murmured. "The world is well rid of such as we. We have some evil taint."

He put an arm about her without answering, and called for the landlord. Tremayne shuffled into the passage from his bar-room.

"Innkeeper," commanded Warburton, his tall form at its highest, "this lady will rest here for a little. See that some food is prepared at once. Within an hour's time have a coach at the doors."

Tremayne stammered, and, dismissed by a look, went forth.

"A coach!" cried Chloris, dreamily. "Whither go you, sir? Is it to London? Are you tired of this place? I wonder not. 'Tis no fit home for such as you. We are barbarians here, and have an evil taint."

"Aye, 'tis for London," he said, with his arm about her.

"Do you go to-day?" she murmured. "I would that you staid with me a little ere you go; but 'tis no matter. You were well to be gone. There is nothing here meet for you. I will bid you farewell, sir."

Warburton looked down on her with a smile. "'Tis you and I that go, sweetheart," he said. "I go not without you, and where I go you shall go. This is no place for you, but your place is with me and where mine is."

She opened her half-closed eyes, a long-drawn sigh escaped her, and then her lids fell softly, and she hung a dead weight upon him. She had swooned away.

THE END.

CAMP LIFE IN NICARAGUA

THE dream of Spain's hardy adventurers seems about to be realized, and the new century will doubtless witness water transit across the narrow strip of land which separates the Atlantic and Pacific. Nicaragua is, therefore, destined to become the Mecca of the world's greatest engineers, and this garden spot of the isthmus, with its majestic lakes, its pathless swamps, and its lofty volcanoes will soon be the scene of stirring events.

When the silent San Juan, flowing out of the purple peaks of Ometepe and Madera, is "white with sails and alive with the throbbing propellers of a mighty traffic," future generations may possibly recall some of the men whose brains have made possible this magic change; but of their privations and hardships in that lonely wilderness little will be said or written. It is, therefore, of these and a few thrilling experiences during a recent survey that this story will treat.

The results of the last survey of Nicaragua made by Peary, the great arctic explorer, have passed into history, but many incidents of camp life during that eventful year that I was associated with him are still unwritten, and as these will be the experiences of the engineers that are to carry on the work of construction they cannot fail to be of interest. The line of the canal, it will be remembered, was divided up into sections, each being placed in charge of a well-known engineer, under whom were several young assistants and a number of negro laborers. The work of the different parties was carefully planned and laid out—each was to clear the dense undergrowth, fell gigantic forest trees, and bridge over wide swamps, until his line could join that of his neighbor.

A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE.

It is with headquarters, however, which was called Camp Carazo, in honor of the then President of Nicaragua, that my story has to do. This was situated upon a wild and picturesque island, shaded with lofty trees and distant forty miles from Greytown. It was selected owing to its convenience for communicating with the other camps, either by canoe or by striking a trail through the forest. Chief-Engineer Peary and his staff, consisting of Civil-Engineer J. F. Le Barron, Surgeons William Nicholson and L. F. H. Birt, Jacob Crowinshield, C. E. Kern, A. Aguirre, and the writer, were domiciled there during the progress of the survey.

I shall never forget my introduction and initiation into the mysteries of camp life at headquarters. We embarked upon one of the old stern-wheel river steamers at Greytown, and after a twenty-four hours' battle with the current, so strong at times that it turned us completely around, we ran alongside of a slimy bank and tied up to a tree that projected into the river. Before us lay our future home—an almost impenetrable jungle—so dense and black that no ray of light could enter. For two days and nights it had rained incessantly—not the rain that one is accustomed to witnessing in the temperate zone, but a rain that comes down in one solid mass, as though all the floodgates of the heavens were opened simultaneously. The men were soon upon the banks, and clad in their waterproof ponchos, looked like drowned rats. The ground, which had not seen the face of the sun for five months, was almost ankle-deep in soft mud. Before disembarking it was necessary to lay planks upon the soggy ground, and upon these the officers stood as they directed the clearing of the dense undergrowth and the felling of the tall trees that covered the island.

After three hours of hard physical labor a space was prepared large enough to admit sunlight and air—two most important factors in the problem of preserving health in the tropics. Four canvas tents were then erected for the officers, and two large *shacks* for the men. The latter consisted of four uprights supporting a roof which was thatched with leaves of the suite-palm to keep out the rain and sun. The officers slept upon cots, the men in hammocks or upon beds made from the wild cane which grows abundantly upon the river-banks. Before darkness had closed around us our homes were ready, and though they were neither luxurious nor comfortable, we felt fortunate, indeed, to possess a dry place upon which we could lay our heads. The first night at Camp Carazo was one that I shall long remember, for in it were the elements of both comedy and tragedy.

"It will never do to let the night pass without a tent-warming," said one of the younger engineers after we had partaken of a cold dinner and gathered around the camp fire in our flannel sleeping-suits.

"My tent is at the disposal of the officers," promptly replied Chief-Surgeon Birt, "and if you will accept an eggnog minus the eggs, I agree to prepare one that you will not soon forget."

And we did not, for often since that memorable night have I tried to remember the ingredients of that mysterious concoction which he offered us. The surgeon was an Englishman, who had passed many years of his life among the soldiers of India, and there he had learned to brew a punch which, he jocularly remarked, would make one see not only snakes, but tigers as well.

There was no time to send out written invitations to our improvised *fiesta*, for it was then nearly eight o'clock—a late hour in the wilderness. All of the officers were bidden, and all came—even the Jamaica negroes, who stood outside in the pouring rain—to enjoy the stories, and possibly the taste of that mysterious mixture, whose fame was known before it was even prepared. Toward midnight the rain ceased, and a large fire was built in front of the surgeon's hospitable home. Around it we sat and dried our sleeping-suits, which had become cold and damp from the moisture without. More than once the surgeon's punch was tasted and declared a pronounced success, and the conversation shifted to stories of snakes and wild animals.

THE INVASION OF THE POOL.

"You may tell of your tigers in India," said an old Nicaraguan, who had been attracted by the warmth of the fire, "but we have them right here on the isthmus—in fact, I know of one that broke into a cattle-ranch and was strong enough to carry a full-grown steer five miles through the swamps and jungles between the lake and the sea."

The fellow had barely finished this statement when there was a roar in the distant jungle that silenced us all. It was a sound, or a succession of sounds, different from any that we had ever heard. At first it was so light that we thought it only a breeze whistling over the tree-tops. Then, as it drew nearer, the volume so increased that the very forest seemed to shake. Every one instinctively grasped his rifle and looked in the direction of the noise. The Nicaraguan laughed, as he remarked: "You will have to get accustomed to

that—it is nothing but the howl of the Congo monkey. His voice is never heard after dawn, but he delights in making the night hideous. Wait a little and listen, for the tiger or puma always answers him."

Within a few minutes there was a distant shriek, neither as loud nor as terrifying as the first, but still it was one which increased our respect for the man whom we were all ready to ridicule a short while before.

"That's a tiger," he exclaimed, apparently gratified that his prophecy had been fulfilled; "but you need have no fear as long as the fire is kept burning. The tiger hates fire, and will approach a camp only when it is in perfect darkness."

It was strange how every one jumped for a fresh log, which he piled upon the already bright fire; and as we said good-night and retired to our tents the flames lighted up the dark forest and the silent river which lay at our feet.

About two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a sound as of some animal crunching bones just at the entrance to the tent-fly. Hastily grasping a rifle, I called my two companions, and cautioned not to make any noise. Looking through the closely woven meshes of the nets, the outlines of two animals could be traced despatching several bones—the remains of our dinner. Before we could arise, however, our visitors, having heard a sound within, had moved away slowly, completing their supper as they departed. As the animals retreated we became braver, and being armed with Winchesters, did not feel disposed to throw away the honor of having killed the first tiger.

"Let us follow them as far as the edge of the forest," I said.

The suggestion was adopted, and clad only in red flannel sleeping-suits, we stepped out of our tent into the damp night air. The rain had ceased, but the ground was still wet and soggy, and as our bared feet sank deep into the soft slime the possibility of stepping upon some venomous reptile added another terror to the situation. The moon, which had just risen, was obscured by a bank of black rain-clouds in the east; still there was sufficient light to follow the outlines of the two tigers. To our surprise, however, they did not appear to be at all alarmed, but continued walking slowly away, stopping at the edge of the forest to continue the meal which had been so rudely disturbed. By this time the entire camp had been aroused, and an army in red flannel uniforms was quickly mobilized for battle. Just as a dozen rifles were levelled at the tigers the moonlight struggled through a rift in the clouds, and we saw—two pet dogs of the expedition.

As we returned to our tents, laughing over the incident, our little comedy almost resulted in a tragedy, for one of the rifles which had been full-cocked during the excitement was accidentally discharged in the centre of the men's quarters. The report was followed by a scream which terrified us far more than that of the Congo monkey during the early night, for it came from one of the Jamaica negroes, who declared that he had been shot. The fellow was quickly carried to the surgeon's tent, where, as the blood trickled down his right leg, the frightened negro continued to groan like a man in the agonies of death. An examination revealed only a flesh wound, which, when washed and dressed, was pronounced harmless. After that it took more than the roar of tigers or even the crunching of bones to disturb the slumbers of the engineers at Camp Carazo.

The next morning when we arose the sun was shining for the first time in many weeks. Several of us hurried down to the river-bank for an early plunge in the San Juan; but the sight of innumerable alligators sunning themselves upon a sand spit in mid-stream, with now and then the dorsal fin of some huge shark projecting above the surface, caused us to reconsider our determination, and content ourselves with pouring water over one another from *huacals*, a kind of gourd that the natives use for this purpose. The presence of sharks in fresh water was a phenomenon that few of us could explain. It seems, however, that not only is this river infested with man-eating sharks, but also the lake, which is one hundred miles from the ocean and one hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea. And the kind that are found there are not

THE TIGER WALKED SLOWLY AWAY.

THERE WAS A DISTANT SHRIEK.

fresh-water sharks, but of the same hungry genus that prowl around the shores of the Caribbean. They are never seen swimming down stream, but always away from the sea and against the strong current. The San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua, I afterwards learned, are the only bodies of fresh water in the world where sharks are known to exist.

As a bath in the early morning is deemed essential to health in tropical countries, we decided to construct a swimming-pool in front of our tent, for there were other and necessary dangers to encounter on the isthmus—and the thought of having one's leg nipped off by a hungry alligator was not the pleasantest in the world. To guard against this we collected a number of logs and piled them one upon the other in the form of a large rectangle. Thus protected against man's natural enemies in the water, we bathed each morning in fancied security. None of us, however, had been thoughtful enough to observe that during the rainy season these tropical streams rise and fall many feet in a night, and one morning we received a scare before which the tiger episode paled. Wandering down to the river-side about sunrise, as was our daily custom, we spread our towels upon the bushes, and were soon floundering about in the cool water. Our horror can well be imagined when between us and the shore there was a furious lashing of the water, and above the turmoil appeared the head of an alligator. All hands quickly clambered up the sides of the pool, and shouted to the men ashore. In a few minutes one of them ran to our aid with a rifle, but the alligator was too clever to be made a target of. He quickly dived down to the bottom of the pool, and neither persuasion nor threat could induce him to expose that hideous head again. Finally an old Nicaraguan hit upon a brilliant idea. Cutting several yards of a tough ropelike vine, which fortunately grew near the water's edge, he secured to it a small piece of wood about four inches long and sharpened at both ends, which he baited with a piece of fat meat. The monster's appetite was more than his discretion, for in a second he had swallowed the improvised hook, and the bold fisherman had given a sudden jerk, which caused the sharp ends of the stick to catch against the sides of the animal's stomach. The pain was evidently so intense that, beyond lashing the water wildly with his tail, the alligator offered little or no resistance as he was hauled high and dry upon the beach, where a rifle-shot through the eye quickly despatched him. By actual measurement his length was five feet nine inches, and his mouth large enough to have accommodated the greater part of a man's leg.

After this thrilling experience we dressed hastily, and then began an investigation as to how our pool had been entered. One of the men, after carefully sounding every part with a long stick, entered the water to see if any of the logs were out of position. To the surprise of every one, each was in its place, the upper one being at least two feet above the surface. The mystery was explained, however, when we learned that it had rained for several hours during the previous evening, but had stopped about midnight. This had caused a sudden rise, which brought the stream some distance over the top of the pool; and the alligator, which chanced to be swimming by at the time, had probably taken a nap at the bottom while the water was resuming its normal height. Our pool, instead of protecting us, had served as a trap. After this, I must confess that the morning bath was never the same, and each day, before entering the water, we passed five or ten minutes carefully sounding every hole and corner.

Another precaution that we learned to take every night before retiring was forced upon us by an experience almost as thrilling. After a hard day's work in the forest one of the engineers had donned his sleeping-suit and was about to jump into his cot, when he noticed a suspicious movement of the covering. Grasping a sharp machete, he quietly opened the blanket, and discovered between the folds, comfortably coiled up, a huge snake. The reptile had crawled in out of the wet during the day while the occupants of the tent were absent, evidently congratulating himself that he had succeeded in finding a warm and dry bed for the night. Before the unwelcome visitor had time to strike, which he could have done for a distance equal to the length of his body, the keen-edged weapon had done its work, and the snake's head was exhibited to all in camp. This gave us a sacred duty to perform every night, and it was amusing to see how zealously each one went about it. Sheets, pillows, woollen and rubber blankets, were carefully removed, and as carefully examined and shaken before the candles were extinguished. This habit became almost a second nature to us, and for a long time after my return to civilization I never retired until I had looked between the sheets and blankets—very much like a woman is accused of looking under her bed for that traditional man.

One theory that we learned to respect day by day was that of Darwin on the origin of mankind, for one has only to study the monkey in his native land to appreciate the wisdom of the great philosopher. The men of the expedition, it seems, had become very fond of monkey meat, the red species in particular affording delicious food. Although the officers had learned to eat iguana, a lizard that is found all over the isthmus, only a few had become sufficiently cannibalized to indulge in monkey. Several of us decided, however, to give the men a treat on Christmas day, and with that end in view went into the woods on a monkey-hunt.

As we wandered through the forest hordes of the little fellows were seen jumping from tree to tree. It was difficult to get within rifle-shot, however, for they seemed to divine our purpose, and after making all manner of grimaces at us, would scamper away at our approach. We finally managed to sneak upon a number of them about five miles away from the camp, when several well-directed shots brought down three of the number. As a large female fell we noticed that within her arms she carried a young one. What became of it no one could tell, for when the mother was picked up, though we searched the tall grass carefully, there was no trace of the youngster. Shouldering our game, we returned to the camp, but scarcely had we thrown down the bodies in front of the men before a diminutive monkey was discovered close upon our heels. As the mother lay upon the ground, with an expression of agony upon her face that I shall never forget, the infant rushed up, utterly ignoring our presence, and sought some sign of recognition. As there was no response, he began to rub the body vigorously in hopes of restoring life. Not succeeding in this, he threw himself across the body with a human cry that is still ringing in my ears. The little fellow was tenderly removed, and afterwards became a great favorite among the men. We vowed then and there never to shoot another monkey—a promise which was faithfully kept during the remainder of our stay in Nicaragua.

A few words about the healthfulness of the climate of Nicaragua, and my story shall have ended. The experiences of many expeditions, and the reports of trustworthy surgeons accompanying them, seem to have had no appreciable effect upon those who persist in believing that any one fresh from a Northern climate, when exposed to the so-called deadly miasma of the isthmus, is destined to lose health and strength. Panama, with its tragic story of a dead man for every railroad tie between the Atlantic and the Pacific, has sealed the fate of that part of the isthmus; but Nicaragua's forest, always cooled and rustled by the breath of the trade-winds, has ever been exempt from this curse.

The expedition under Chief-Engineer Peary transported two hundred men to Nicaragua, only five of whom had ever lived in tropical climates before. Many of these were young men fresh from college or luxurious homes, and had never slept upon the ground at night. They reached Greytown in the midst of the rainy season, when the earth was damp and soggy, and notwithstanding the fact that they waded about in the swamps, sometimes waist-deep, and were exposed alternately to sun and rain, there was not a single case of serious illness during the year. I have more than once accompanied Lieutenant Peary on his trips to the different camps, and slept by his side coiled up in a canoe at night or upon the slimy bank of some stream, and yet returned to the United States in perfect health.

Such is a pen picture of life in the jungles of Nicaragua, and such it will be for those who may carry on the work begun by distinguished engineers. Many of these have made their last survey of a wild and picturesque region that will soon be touched by the magic wand of progress.

W. Nephew King,
Late Lieutenant United States Navy.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

WE are bound to sympathize with the efforts of our late fellow-citizen, Mr. W. W. Astor, to keep the impulsive British from giving him too much of their society. Mr. Astor has given up a great deal to secure peace and a moderately retired life in England, and folks who intrude upon him without his consent take great chances. What the true inwardness of his recent row with Captain Milne is, does not yet appear. According to the cabled reports Mr. Astor gave a concert, to which Captain Milne was brought by a lady at whose house he was dining. Mr. Astor spotted him when he came in, asked his name, told him he had not been invited, requested him to leave, and said that he would give notice of the intrusion in the newspapers next day. The same night Captain Milne sent Mr. Astor a letter of apology, notwithstanding which Mr. Astor sent word next day to the newspapers that Captain Milne had come uninvited to his concert.

There do not seem to be facts enough here to account for Mr. Astor's energetic action. Either he has been so overrun with trespassers at his entertainments that he had determined to make an example of the next one, or else he had some special reason for objecting to Captain Milne's presence. To be sure his concert was a very expensive show, and it is quite credible that his intention was that none but highly remunerative guests should enjoy it. But the mere fact that Captain Milne was getting something for nothing does not account for Mr. Astor's wrath. We cannot have heard the whole story. Either there is more to it, or else Mr. Astor's eccentricities must be growing on him to an extent fit to give his friends concern.

INTEREST in wills is remarkably lively and continuous. The normal man wants to read everybody else's will in the newspapers in full, and have the wills of his own family kept sacredly private. There are wills occasionally which reveal tragical chapters of family history, and which it is unkind and unnecessary to publish in full, but the ordinary contention of persons who, having read eagerly all the notable wills in their town for a generation, insist on occasion that wills are private and ought not to be published seems fallacious. The intent of the law which provides for making wills matters of public record is clearly against privacy, and reasonably so. The power to devise is a legal right conferred by society, and society is entitled to know how it is used. Moreover, the recording of wills and their publication, if they are interesting enough to publish, safeguards the intentions of testators and the interests of legatees. If the intention is that a will shall not be carried out, of course the less the public knows about its provisions, the easier it will be to defeat them. But heirs, as a rule, want wills kept private, not because they mean to break them, but because they don't want other folks to know about their family affairs, and newspapers that publish wills do it not from a high sense of public duty, but because wills are often highly interesting and make reading that the public enjoys.

What an interesting will, for example, was that, published the other day, of Mrs. Emma Schley, widow of William Schley, and sister-in-law of Roswell P. Flower, who, besides providing duly for her legal heirs, left to more than a hundred legatees sums seldom smaller than $5000. The group included relatives and family connections, friends, servants, and familiars, and saleswomen in one of the New York shops. It was a real fairy-godmother will, and recalls that of Henry L. Peirce, of Boston, who cut his great fortune up into slices convenient for distribution among his friends.

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S air-ship, which was reported to have made a successful voyage from Friedrichshafen, Germany, on July 2, seems hardly to have succeeded so fully as the first brief despatches claimed. The ship is a big balloon, or combination of balloons, four hundred feet long and thirty feet wide. It is dirigible to some extent by air-propellers driven by benzine motors. It carried five men to Immenstadt, a distance of 35 miles, and it came down safely and in the right place. But how far it was steered and how far it merely sailed with the wind is not clear. It did not come back to the starting-place. That much, at least, we observe. Mr. Hiram Maxim is quoted as saying that to make an air-ship that will sail away is no great trick, but that to make one that will come back to its starting-point is what no one has yet succeeded in doing.

THE friends of Captain Andree, who sailed for the far North in a balloon, have not yet given up hope of finding him. Several European expeditions are searching for him this summer. A Russian party under Baron E von Zoldt will search the arctic coast of Europe and Asia, starting from Norway, proceeding by way of Nova Zembla, wintering on the Taimyr Peninsula, and searching the Siberian coast in the summer of 1901. It hopes to reach Bering Strait from the north, a feat which has not been done since Baron Nordenskjöld accomplished it in 1871-73.

A party of Germans goes to Franz-Josef Land to meet an Italian expedition under the Duke of Abruzzi; a Swedish and Russian expedition will go to Spitzbergen, and three other parties, one Danish, one Swedish, and one English, have started for Greenland.

It would seem that Captain Andree, or some trace of him, must be found, unless he and all his belongings were swallowed up by the sea.

AT one place, at least, in this country, it is worth while to be an ex-President of the United States. That place is Princeton, New Jersey. Mr. Cleveland lives there. By his sagacious and sportsmanlike behavior since he came to Princeton he has won the full approval of the Princeton undergraduates. Their sentiment towards him finds one expression in the fact that the athletic committee of the university reserves two seats in the grand stand on Brokaw Field for Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and that the undergraduates do not suffer those seats to be occupied by any one else. Either the Clevelands sit in their seats or the seats are empty. Whenever any stranger stumbles into them, straightway Princeton roars at him with a great voice, and ceases not until he gets out of "Grover's seat."

This is more glory than has accrued to any other ex-President in the memory of the present generation. If Indianapolis accords any like distinction to Mr. Benjamin Harrison, it ought to be known.

IT seems that the Rock Island Railroad has concluded that smokers of cigarettes are undesirable employees, and have determined not to hire any more of them. They want men who are alert and active, can think quickly and have steady nerves, and they consider cigarette-smoking unfavorable to the development of these qualities. It is doubtful if anything was ever so bad for mankind as cigarettes are reputed to be, but it won't do any harm for Rock Island and other railroads that disapprove of them to give practical evidence of their contempt. There is no argument against rum that is more efficacious than the unwillingness of employers to hire men who drink. A like prejudice of employers against cigarettes will have its due influence with ambitious lads. If they recall that the Rough Riders in the late war strewed the path to glory with cigarette-stubs and endured the worst sufferings of the war when their cigarettes gave out, somebody must remind them that rough-riding is not a steady job, nor often available. Also that it was not cigarettes that brought the arch Rough Rider within sight of the Vice-Presidency, for Colonel Roosevelt himself does not smoke at all.

GOOD accounts of the Cuban teachers come from Cambridge. The Boston papers say they are good students, attentive, eager, intelligent and polite. The women impress Boston as being cheerful to the point of giddiness; the men being much more sedate.

The Catholic societies of Boston, which are interested in their visit and glad to share in entertaining them, have provided for their pleasure a series of dances on Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week, at the Hemenway Gymnasium. The first of these dances was reported to have been very cheerful and highly interesting, especially to lookers-on.

A Cambridge temperance society invited President Eliot to let some of the teachers come to one of its meetings and address the members, but Dr. Eliot wrote back: "I cannot think that the Cuban teachers would take any interest in regard to total abstinence. They have no tendency to drink to excess, and cannot understand it in others. The vice against which you contend is not practised among them. Our people have much to learn from them on that subject; but they can get nothing but a warning from us."

This reply, judicious as it seems, did not give satisfaction to the society, to most of the members of which the idea that total abstinence is not needed everywhere was doubtless absolutely novel.

YACHTSMEN who venture northwards this season as far as the mouth of the St. Lawrence may find more news than usual in that part of the earth if they care to hunt for it. If they are allowed to make a landing on the island of Anticosti they may possibly be in time to see the last of the Fox Bay settlement, from which M. Menier, the French chocolate manufacturer who has bought the island, is driving off the British subjects who came there from Newfoundland at the invitation of a former proprietor. These poor people are fishermen, and have lived at Fox Bay for twenty-five years. They did not own the land they built and lived on, and when Menier ordered them away the courts at Quebec were obliged to sustain his demand. It was a wanton and ruthless action, and Canada has sympathized warmly with the victims of it. Land has been granted to them in Manitoba, but Manitoba will seem a strange home for these salt-water fishermen.

In Newfoundland, also, there is much more going on than is usual. Nearly every franchise on that island that is worth buying is now owned by Robert Gillespie Reid, contractor and capitalist. He owns much besides franchises. The estimated area of Newfoundland is 42,000 square miles, of which Mr. Reid owns about 7000. He owns also all of the 650 miles of railroad on the island; most of the steamer lines; the telegraph system; the dry dock, street-car lines, and light franchises at St. John's. His land, being located along his railroads, is doubtless the best wild land on the island. The only thing he doesn't own which would be useful to a capitalist is the people. The population is about 140,000, and a majority of the voters think at present that Mr. Reid's holdings in Newfoundland are dangerously great. They want him to let go of the telegraph system and some of his land grants, and to sell back to them the reversionary right in the railroads. He has engaged to run the railroads for forty years. He bought the ownership of them after that term for one million dollars. The Legislature wants him to take his money back and give up his reversion.

But he won't give up anything. He has a big scheme for a company with $25,000,000 capital, to develop the island, work mines, build pulp-mills, and bring in settlers and prosperity, and he wants to go ahead and do it. But the Legislature won't sanction the transfer of his holdings to a company except on its own terms, and for the present there is a deadlock and Mr. Reid is going slow. Newfoundland has been exceedingly poor. Reid is a wonderful organizer and can command money, and if he has his own way he will bring a vast deal of money into the island and make a live country of it. But in so doing he might get very rich himself, and of course the thought of that is very distressing to the honest islanders, who, like the rest of mankind, want to eat their cake and keep it.

Mr. Reid has not given up yet. His business at present is politics. If he can upset the present government and get in one that will work with him, there will be great changes in Newfoundland.

THE federation of the five colonies of Australia and Tasmania is now all but complete. The movement towards it began in 1885 with the authorization by the Imperial (British) Parliament of the Federal Council of Australia, to which any colony that chose might send two delegates. That council did not amount to much, but in 1891 a convention was held at Sydney, New South Wales, which after long effort drafted a bill to constitute the commonwealth of Australia. There the enterprise halted for four years while discussion and local agitation went on. In 1895 the prime ministers of five of the six colonies met and agreed to have their Legislatures pass bills for appointment of delegates to a new convention which should prepare a federal constitution and submit it to popular vote.

It was done. The constitution was drafted in 1897-8; all six colonies finally accepted it, and after hesitation and much discussion of one or two points the British government accepted it without material change. Mr. James Bryce said, on June 10: "The scheme may now be deemed to be in smooth water. In a few weeks it will have become law. In a few months the first Parliament of the Federal Commonwealth will be elected, and the new machine of government will have begun to work."

New Zealand and Fiji were invited to join the new federation, but have not accepted as yet. The present population of the new commonwealth is about four millions.

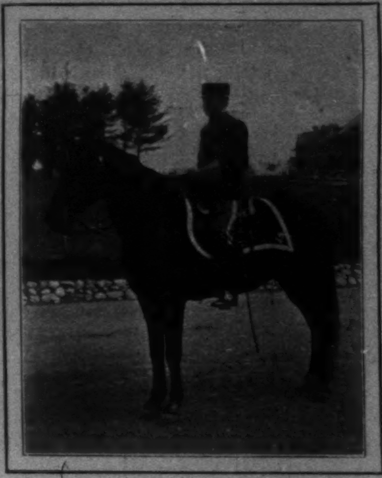
WOMEN have voted in Colorado for the last five years, but apparently no political millennium has struck the State, and it is even averred that if the question of woman suffrage was submitted to-day to the women of the State a majority of them would vote against it. So reports Mr. J. C. Dana, who has been at pains to give the Boston *Transcript* as much information as possible about the women voters in Colorado and what they have done. He submitted a list of questions to a Denver politician and a woman resident of the same city. Their answers were in fair agreement. They both thought women's votes had raised the tone of Colorado politics in a very slight degree; they agreed that the quality of the women who took an active interest in politics had decidedly deteriorated in five years. Formerly, said the politician, bad men ran things; now bad men and bad women run them. Both thought the interest of disinterested women in politics had fallen off very much. Mr. Dana thinks the Colorado women who have held offices have done quite as well in them as men have done. He thinks, too, that the suffrage has improved in some degree the position of women in Colorado, and caused them to be treated with more deference by men, and to take more interest in public affairs. But he quotes the opinion of a Colorado lawyer that the woman vote has no influence in deciding elections, because the women who vote, vote as their male relatives want them to.

IT sometimes seems as if, in the abundance of organized opposition in this country to such details of iniquity as intemperance and cigarette-smoking, there was a rather defective abhorrence of the root of all evil, which, the Scriptures maintain, is the love of money. There are no societies or organizations to wean folks from the love of money. Even the churches don't do it; at least not very definitely. And yet if we were better philosophers, or even better Christians, we might find reasons for thinking that it was a more dangerous propensity, and one more ominous to the welfare of our country, than any other that could be named.

THE FIFTEENTH INFANTRY ON PARADE AT MADISON BARRACKS.

ADJUTANT LYNCH.

BOARDING THE TRAIN AT PLATTSBURG, NEW YORK.



COLONEL MOALE.

DEPARTURE OF THE FIFTEENTH INFANTRY FOR SERVICE IN CHINA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. T. WOODWARD.

The New York "Times" and "Harper's Weekly"

THE WEEKLY has few misgivings, as a rule, in connection with its cartoons, for the very good reason that, however radical they may at times appear to be, they are never prepared without the due deliberation of the cartoonist. It is only proper for the editor of the WEEKLY to say that when Mr. Rogers deliberates he is invincible, because, added to his qualifications as an artist, he is a sane observer of political and social events, with a most satisfying grasp upon their trend and ultimate meaning. In view of this fact it is very gratifying to find on the editorial page of the New York *Times*, another healthy-minded factor in our daily lives, a tribute to one of Mr. Rogers's recent achievements. We reprint the whole article, not only to emphasize our pride in Mr. Rogers, but also for the strong political point involved in the cartoon in question, which the *Times* rams home with its customary force. The *Times's* editorial is as follows:

"FREAKS AND BRIGANDS

"Mr. Rogers's cartoon, 'The Fourth of July at Kansas City,' in the current number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, is an important addition to the list of memorable political caricatures which deserve to become famous. It is much more in spirit like the work of Hogarth than of Gilray, whose brutality it avoids in emulating his vigor. And it particularly recalls Hogarth's famous 'Bedlam.' It is a lunatic asylum which the caricaturist has represented, and in thus representing the Bryanite convention he has expressed the sentiment of a very large part of the American people.

"Of course it is not nice or flattering to our national pride to have to regard the assembled wisdom of a great party of 'the Opposition' as a collection of freaks and cranks. But sane Americans cannot dispute that such it is. There is one notable exception, and the caricaturist has marked it. The Tammany delegation in front of the platform is not a collection of maniacs, but a collection of scoundrels. It is as if a pirate crew had made an incursion into a lunatic asylum. Those brutes are there on business. They know what they want, and they mean to get it. What they want is to eat as much as possible of the taxes of this town and to stay out of jail. That is their programme and their platform and their political principle. And it seems that they have made up their minds that the surest way to attain their object this year is to leave the present Administration in control of the country, and Platt in control of the State. 'Let Anne be Queen or George be King, I'll still be Vicar of Bray,' is the war-song of Croker.

"It is the consciousness of this fact which has made Tammany always odious in a National Democratic Convention as a standing disgrace to the party as well as to mankind, more odious than ever this year. The wonderful tribute to Hill owed much of its enthusiasm to malice, to the desire to humiliate the bloated Boss who had succeeded in keeping his better off the Platform Committee. It is creditable to the convention that it despises the brigands of Tammany Hall. The contempt and odium which were heaped upon them by the convention proved, so far as they went, that the wry mental processes of the mass of delegates had not corrupted their hearts, and that when a case of plain, old-fashioned, unsophisticated public robbery came before them they knew how to regard it and how to resent it. It is a schoolmaster that the Democratic party needs. It is a warden that Tammany needs. The cases are different."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

A PREARRANGED COLLISION AT INDIANAPOLIS.

For the entertainment of a large crowd on the Fourth of July, there was a head-on collision between two locomotives at the Fair Grounds, Indianapolis. The locomotives met while running at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and although both were badly damaged, neither was injured beyond repair.

NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

BY E. D. BEACH

MR. HORACE FLETCHER is a benevolent and interesting gentleman who has found out for himself the manner of eating that best promotes his own peace and pleasure, and who has properly been moved to relate his experience for the benefit of a world that he would like to persuade to be as sensible and as happy as he is. A little book, *Glutton or Epicure* (Herbert S. Stone & Co.), is the medium of this curious and valuable revelation. Mr. Fletcher eats one meal a day, with a keen relish which is not difficult to understand when it is considered that twenty-four hours is a fairly long time in which to cultivate an appetite. He holds his food in his mouth and bites it until its taste is exhausted, by which time all of it that is fit to be taken into the stomach will already have been swallowed by involuntary process. The rest is rejected in an unostentatious manner. One who eats in this way for a week, Mr. Fletcher says, will never again eat in the eager, gluttonous way which is common. It takes Mr. Fletcher something like half an hour to consume properly, with the highest effects of nourishment and of pleasure, the food that he needs in the period of one day. This amounts to thirty-five mouthfuls—certainly not an immodest quantity. When he has finished he is perfectly satisfied, and his entire being is permeated with an indescribably peaceful and glorious feeling which greatly enhances the pleasure attending upon some light amusement, such as riding in a trolley-car or sitting on the piazza. We often read of the great difficulty of supplying food to an army. It is said that soldiers grumble unless they are provided with enough food to leave them with a distended feeling. Great or remote wars always mean tremendous difficulties in this particular of food-supply. To accommodate 100,000 men with a distended feeling, at a distance of several thousand miles, is one of the profoundest and most important problems of war. An army of Mr. Fletchers would carry great gladness to the heart of a commissariat.

We agree with Mr. Brander Matthews that a society woman does better to bestow her attention upon a husband and baby—her own, of course—than to go upon the stage as an actress. There are so many actresses who have left their husbands and babies behind them in society, and whose acting is not a bit better for that reason, that one cannot help feeling that the stage has already come to possess a plenty of them; whereas no sensible person will deny that there cannot be too many devoted wives and mothers. In his latest novel, *The Action and the Word* (Harper & Brothers), Mr. Matthews puts this valuable proposition before us in his characteristic way, setting forth the lesson with that unfaltering patience and that conscientious restraint which make realistic fiction what it is. He might have let young Mrs. Brookfield slip away from the reasonable joys and wise restraints of home, and embark upon a feverish career with rings on all her fingers if not with bells on her toes. In the interests of common-sense, and respecting the plain law of supply and demand, he did nothing of the sort. If this is a problem story, it is at least one that is solved wisely and without fuss. It proceeds without too many intricacies and retardations to a luminous and happy close. Those of us who do not care to be puzzled or distressed will thank Mr. Matthews.

Monsieur Beaucaire was a clever and cool and interesting gentleman, as anybody may see for himself who will be so sensible and so wise as to read the story of that name, by Mr. Booth Tarkington (McClure, Phillips, & Co.). Not often do we meet with a story so ingeniously constructed and so effective in its dramatic quality. The wit of Monsieur Beaucaire will delight any reader. He is a master of repartee, and nothing could be more charming than his habit of leaving off the consonants from the ends of his words. It is no wonder that the Lady Mary Carlisle, the Beauty of Bath, should have fallen in love with him, or that a man so clever as he should have discovered the shallowness of the Lady Mary's heart, and should have severed himself from her in the gentle and mournful manner which is here set forth, and which was so very becoming to him. Beau Nash, the Duke of Winterset, and all the other gentlemen at Bath thought that Monsieur Beaucaire was a barber, but he was somebody much more eminent, notwithstanding his graces and his remarkable powers of conversation, as the story shows. It is an unusually clever piece of work.

GENERAL LIU KAO-CHAO,

Commander of the Troops in Hunan Province, China.

Press despatches of July 8 stated that Li Hing-Hung, ex-Governor of Shantung province, who was dismissed from office in compliance with a demand from Germany, had been in Hunan trying to persuade General Liu and his troops to march on Peking and join the revolted imperial troops of Chili province. General Liu refused, and his troops declared they would obey his orders only. This photograph of General Liu was taken by Mr. William Barclay Parsons when he made his journey through Hunan province, described by him in HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nos. 2256, 2257, 2258, and 2259 (March 17 to April 7, 1900). The picture shows General Liu taking his first taste of Scotch whiskey, a beverage which he grew to appreciate highly.

We think we should call *The Last Lady of Mulberry*, by Henry Wilton Thomas (D. Appleton & Co.), a story of realism with romantic admixtures, and with more humor than is to be found in either realistic or romantic stories ordinarily. The Mulberry of the title means Mulberry Street, and the story is a story of Italian New York. To the average stranger who passes through it Mulberry Street does not suggest itself as a place in which he would like to pass the summer. It is interesting, but its conditions are such as to seem to limit its attractions to the cooler seasons of the year. This story, however, transacts itself within the limits of the heated period; and whether we should consider the circumstance as a revelation of the unsuspected truth, or as testimony to the author's power of quite unfounded fancy, it persuades us that Mulberry Street is a very fine place indeed during the hot weather. It speaks of the fire-escapes blooming with flower-pots, of splendid areas of green salads and radishes in front of the grocery-stores, of the Park of Paradise with the scarlet and gold band playing in it by moonlight, but it does not mention the thermometer and the humidity at 99, or the ambulance raging around the corner, or the Board of Health coming with carbolic acid and chloride of lime. But if Mulberry Street in summer is somewhat idealized here, by ingenious methods of selection and omission, it is still treated with a very thorough sense and knowledge of its "local color," and we are very sure that it never had anything like so clever and so artistic and so good a picture of itself before. It may be that Genoese sculptors of ten-inch Peters are as innocent as here represented, that Mulberry Street grocers from Genoa are as magnificent, that the clerks of these are as irresistible in love and as ready with the avenging knife, that prima donnas from Naples are as massive and as unscrupulous, that bankers from the sunny peninsula are as shockingly hard up. We are eager and willing to believe that the Alley of the Moon is just as it is here said to be; that the restaurant of Santa Lucia still endures in it, doing business and awaiting the curious reader's verification; that Luigia the garlic-woman, and Sara the woman who fries pepper-pods, and Chiara the hair-comber, who combs hair in Signora style for two cents, are all to be found in the alley, or near it, busy with their own and with other people's affairs. We are sure that one may see, almost any Sunday in Mulberry Street, just such a splendid wedding party as the one here so cleverly described, and we do not doubt that the Feast of the Springtide will be celebrated by the Sicilians of Elizabeth Street as usual next year, and may be seen by anybody who goes down to look at it. But the marble image of the Last Lady of Mulberry will not be seen, because that splendid work of art was thrown out of a second-story window and broken into a thousand pieces.

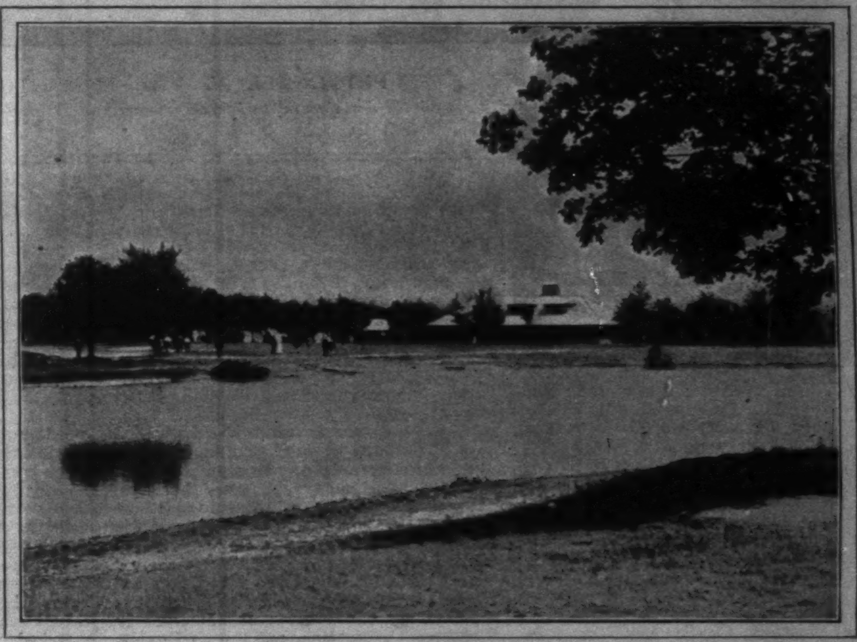
WALTER J. TRAVIS,
Amateur Champion of 1900.

FINDLAY S. DOUGLAS,
Runner-Up.

HERBERT M. HARRIMAN,
Amateur Champion of 1899.

A. G. LOCKWOOD.

HARRIMAN PUTTING.



THE HOME HOLE, GARDEN CITY LINKS.

TRAVIS DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE.

LOCKWOOD DRIVING.

THE NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND, JULY 2–7, 1900.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES A. SLOSSON.

UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE EXPOSITION. V.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

UNCLE JEFF (*who has been wearing a silk hat for the first time in his life, thinks every one is laughing at him, and finally loses patience in front of the Javanese building*). "Ah, you ugly heathen, what be *you* a-grinnin' at?"

MR. DOOLEY*

XXX.—ON THE CHINESE SITUATION

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Hennessy, "to think iv th' audacity iv thim Chinyman! It do bate all."

"It do that," said Mr. Dooley. "It bates th' wurruld. An' what's it comin' to? You an' me looks at a Chinyman as though he wasn't good f'r annything but washin' shirts, an' not very good at that. 'Tis wan iv th' spoorts iv th' youth iv our gr-reat cities to rowl an impty beer-keg down th' steps iv a Chinee laundry, an' if e'er a Chinyman come out to resist it they'd take him be th' pigtail an' do th' joynt swing with him. But th' Chinyman at home's a diff'rent la-ad. He's with his frinds, an' they're manny iv thim, an' he's rowlin' th' beer-kegs himsilf, an' Westhern Civilization is down in th' laundhry wondhrin' whin th' police 'll come along.

"The Lord f'rgive me f'r sayin' it, Hinnissy, but if I was a Chinyman, which I will fight anny man f'r sayin', an' was livin' at home, I'd tuck me shirt into me pants, put me braid up in a net an' go out an' take a fall out iv th' in-vader if it cost me me life. Here am I, Hop Lung-Dooley, r-runnin' me little liquor-store an' p'rhaps raisin' a family in th' town iv Koochoo. I don't like foreigners there anny more thin I do here. Along comes a baldheaded man with chin whiskers from Baraboo, Wisconsin, an' says he: 'Benighted an' haythen Dooley,' says he, 'ye have no God,' he says. 'I have,' says I. 'I have a lot iv thim,' says I. 'Ye ar-re an oncultivated an' foul creathure,' he says. 'I have come six thousan' miles f'r to hist ye from th' mire iv ignorance an' ir-religion in which ye live to th' lofty plane iv Baraboo,' he says. An' he sets down on an aisy-chair, an' his wife an' her frinds come in an' they inthrojooce Mrs. Dooley to th' modhern improvements iv th' corset an' th' hat with th' blue-bur-rd onto it, an' put shame into her because she hasn't let her feet grow, while th' head mission'ry reads me a pome out iv th' *Northwesthern Christyan Advocate*. 'Well,' says I, 'look here, me good fellow,' I says; 'me an' me people has occypied these here primises f'r manny years,' I says, 'an' here we mean to stay,' I says. 'We're doin' th' best we can in th' matther iv gods,' says I. 'We have thim cast at a first-rate foundhry,' I says, 'an' we sandpapher thim ivry week,' says I. 'As f'r knowin' things,' I says, 'my people wrote pomes with a markin'-brush whin th' likes iv ye was r-runnin' ar-round wearin' a short pelisse iv sheep-skins, an' batin' each other to death with stone hammers,' says I. An' I'm f'r firin' him out, but bein' a quite man, I lave him stay.

"Th' nex' day in comes a man with a suit iv clothes that looks like a tablecloth in a section-house, an' says he: 'Poor, ignorant haythen,' he says, 'what manner iv food d'ye ate?' he says. 'Rice,' says I, 'an' rats is me fav'rite dish,' I says. 'Deluded wretch,' says he. 'I reprisint Armour an' Company, an' I'm here to make ye change ye'er dite,' he says. 'Hinceforth ye'll ate th' canned roast beef iv merry ol' stock-yards, or I'll have a file iv sojers in to fill ye full iv ondygistible lead,' he says. An' afther him comes th' man with Aunt Miranda's Pan-Cakes an' Flaked Bran, an' Ye'll-perish-if-ye-don't-eat-a-biscuit, an' other riprisintatives iv Westhern Civilization, an' I'm to be shot if I don't take thim all.

"Thin a la-ad comes down with a chain an' a small glass on three sticks, an' a gang iv section-men that answers to th' name iv Casey, an' pro-ceeds f'r to put down a railroad. 'What's this f'r?' says I. 'We ar-re th' advance-guard iv Westhern Civilization,' he says, 'an' we're goin' to give ye a railroad so ye can go swiftly to places that ye don't want to see,' he says. 'A counthry that has no railroads is beneath contimpt,' he says. 'Casey,' he says, 'stretch th' chain acrost yon graveyard,' he says. 'I aim f'r to put th' thrack just befure that large tombstone marked Riquiescat in Pace, James II. Chung-a-lung,' he says. 'But,' says I, 'ye will disturb pah's bones,' says I, 'if ye go to layin' ties,' I says. 'Ye'll be mixin' up me ol' man with th' Cassidy's in th' nex' lot that,' I says, 'he nivir spoke to save in anger in his life,' I says. 'Ye're an ancestor-worshiper, heathen,' says the la-ad, an' he goes on to tamp th' mounds in th' cimitry an' ballast th' thrack with th' remains iv th' deceased. An' afther he's got through along comes a Fr-rinchman, an' an Englishman, an' a Rooshan, an' a Dutchman, an' says wan iv thim: 'This is a comfortable lookin' saloon,' he says. 'I'll take th' bar, ye take th' ice-box an' th' r-rest iv th' fixtures.' 'What f'r?' says I. 'I've paid th' rent an' th' license,' says I. 'Nivir mind,' says he, 'we're th' riprisintatives iv Westhern Civilization,' he says, 'an' 'tis th' business iv Westhern Civilization to cut up th' belongings iv Eastern Civilization,' he says. 'Be off,' he says, 'or I'll pull ye'er hair,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'this thing has gone far enough,' I says. 'I've heerd me good ol' cast-iron gods or josses abused,' I says, 'an' I've been packed full iv canned goods, an' th' Peking Lightnin' Express is r-runnin' straight through th' lot where th' bones iv me ancesthors lies,' I says. 'I've stud it all,' I says, 'but whin ye come here to bounce me off iv me own primises,' I says, 'I'll have to take th' leg iv th' chair to ye,' I says. An' we're to th' flure.

"That's the way it stands in Chiny, Hinnissy, an' it looks to me as though Westhern Civilization was in f'r a bump. I mind wanst whin a dhrunk prize-fighter come up th' r-road an' wint to sleep on Slavin's steps. Some iv th' good, sthrong la-ads came along an' they were near bein' at blows over who shud have his watch an' who shud take his hat. While they were debatin' he woke up an' begin cuttin' loose with hands an' feet, an' whin he got through he made a collection iv th' things they dhropped in escapin', an' marched ca'mly down th' sthreet. Mebbe 'twill tur-rn out so in Chiny, Hinnissy. I see by th' pa-apers that they'se four hundherd millyons iv thim boys, an' he hivins! 'twudden't surprise me if whin they got through batin' us at home, they might say to thimsilves, 'Well, here goes f'r a jaunt ar-roun' th' wurruld.' Th' time may come, Hinnissy, whin ye'll be squirtin' wather over Hop Lee's shirt while a man named Chow Fung kicks down ye'er sign an' heaves rocks through ye're windy. Th' time may come, Hinnissy. Who knows?"

"End ye'er blather," said Mr. Hennessy. "They won't be anny Chinymen left whin Imp'ror Willum gets through."

"Mebbe not," says Mr. Dooley. "He's a sthrong man. But th' Chinymen have been on earth a long time, an' I don't see how we can push so manny iv thim off iv it. Annyhow, 'tis a good thing f'r us they ain't Christyans an' haven't larned properly to sight a gun."

F. P. DUNNE.

* Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.

The National Golf Championship

MR. WALTER J. TRAVIS has at last attained the summit of his ambition. He is now the amateur champion of the United States, having won that title at the fifth annual championship meeting, held at Garden City, Long Island, July 2-7. Last year Mr. H. M. Harriman won at Chicago, being the first American-born player to attain to that honor. Findlay S. Douglas, a graduate of St. Andrews, Scotland (both the university and the links), was the runner-up both in 1899 and 1900. Mr. Douglas had won at Morristown in 1898.

If Mr. Travis is not a native-born American, he is one by choice, and he is very proud of his naturalization papers. His game at any rate is entirely of home manufacture. He has been a close student, from the beginning, of the theory of golf, and has worked most assiduously in putting those ideas into practice. He plays golf with his head. Strategy enters into match play at golf just as it does into chess, and herein lies much of Mr. Travis's strength. He endeavors, not to make more brilliant strokes than his opponent, but to play his own game and to make no bad mistakes. In nine cases out of ten the result is that his adversary beats himself.

It must not be hastily concluded that Mr. Travis's golf is entirely of the machine-made, colorless variety that may win matches, but is uninteresting to watch. He is not a long driver—that is, when measured by the Douglas-Pyne-Johnstone standard—but he gets a respectable carry and keeps out of trouble. His short game is good and often brilliant; it is perhaps his strongest point, although he is also good on the putting-green. He can make a clever recovery if need be, and if he does not do it so often as some other players—Harriman, for instance—it is simply because he does not so often get into trouble.

The victory of an American-bred player over Douglas and Lockwood (both of whom learned their game abroad) is encouraging, but it does not justify the absurd vaporings in which some of the newspaper scribes have indulged. We have not as yet produced an amateur champion who can hold his own with the first flight of British players. Douglas and Lockwood were never in the first rank at home, and there are probably a dozen men in Great Britain who could give our champion three strokes in the round.

Mr. Travis won the prize for lowest score in the qualifying round (166) and also the championship itself. This is the first time that the double honor has been scored.

He beat in the match rounds R. C. Watson, Jr. (2 and 1); T. S. Beckwith (8 and 7); Charles Hitchcock, Jr. (12 and 11); A. G. Lockwood (11 and 10); and F. S. Douglas (2 up). Together with Douglas, the new champion also made a new record for the course—78. Truly a fine week's work.

American Art at the Paris Exposition

EUROPEANS are complacently ignorant of American art. Quite a number would be surprised to learn that there is any art in America, and the majority of those who do know something of the matter believe that the best it can produce is represented by the American painters residing in Europe. Then, finding that the latter, with a few notable exceptions, are merely reproducing more or less successfully the motions and methods of the French, British, or Dutch painters, they overlook their nationality, and come to the conclusion that the American has a very facile adaptability, but that there is no art distinctively American. It is a process of reasoning quite natural, and the illusion, it must be said, is not explained away by the European-Americans. Many of these painters have sought a condonation of their voluntary expatriation in belittling their colleagues at home; and not a few, in return for the art atmosphere abroad—a thing, by-the-way, that is worth very much, and the absence of which over here is deplorably apparent—have acquiesced in being submerged by foreign influences, and for present satisfaction have bartered any prospect of permanent recognition in American art.

The policy of the authorities at the Paris Exposition has been to allow only a comparatively small space, in order to secure from each country a choice display, representative of the best—a boon that will be appreciated by art students visiting the Exposition.

On the whole, the representation is fairly adequate. George Inness, Homer Martin, and Wyant are dead, but many of their finest pictures were painted since 1889—the limit of time set by the French authorities. Thus "Clouded Sun," "The Mill Pond," and "Sunny Autumn Day," by the first named, will be included; "Newport Neck," "The Adirondacks," and "Westchester Hills," by Martin; and "Moonlight and Frost," "In the Adirondacks," and "The Sunlit Vale," by Wyant. These form a brilliant nucleus which receives a worthy setting in a number of works by living painters—among which may be mentioned J. Alden Weir's "The Ice Cutters" and "Noonday Rest"; Horatio Walker's "Spring Plowing"; Leonard Ochtman's "A Winter Morning" and "Autumn Twilight"; Frederick W. Kost's "Old Vanderbilt Dock"; Childe Hassam's "Snowy Day on Fifth Avenue"; H. W. Ranger's "Brooklyn Bridge" and "Becky Cole's Hill"; Charles H. Davis's "Clouds over Water" and "Summer Evening"; Bruce Crane's "Signs of Spring"; Louis Paul Dessar's "Sheep in the Dunes"; William M. Chase's "First Touch of Autumn"; and George H. Bogert's "Sea and Rain."

It is a matter of profound regret that Dwight W. Tryon and J. H. Twachtman are not to be represented. Whatever the reason may be, it is certainly not one for which the department or the jury must be held responsible. They would gladly have included examples of their work, as also of Thomas W. Dewing's, whose name is also unaccountably absent from the list. These omissions throw a strong side-light on the difficulties which had to be encountered in forming a truly representative exhibit, and will also explain why a certain amount of material, undoubtedly below the standard suitable for such an occasion, had to be included.

To satisfy the diverse and widespread interests the representation had to be a little too democratically inclusive.

The fact that many American painters have chiefly occupied themselves with mural painting explains their absence from the list of exhibitors. A determined effort to have this branch of painting, in which so much progress has been made, represented was made by the department, but lack of money prevented any large scheme, and it was decided to confine the decoration to the United States pavilion. A frieze under the portico of the main entrance was intrusted to Robert Reid, who has painted an allegorical subject. The Spirit of the Country is represented in the centre, seated beneath the folds of the flag, looking forth from the shadow of a veil.

In front is a well modelled figure typifying electricity, with a group to the left consisting of a father and mother and child. On the right of the centre is a figure symbolizing the manufacturing arts; this side of the frieze being aglow with light from a fire, near which is an iron-worker and other figures representing the resources of the country. It is a very decorative canvas, vigorous and refined.

The ceiling under the done and four lunettes have been filled with paintings by Elmer E. Garnsey.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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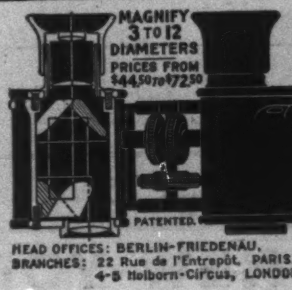

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

THE disturbances in China have produced a direct effect upon one important interest in this country. The cheaper and coarser products of the Southern cotton-mills, known as "brown goods," have gone largely to China, and there was promise of a rapidly increasing trade. Already it was estimated at $10,000,000 a year, and it had much to do with the prosperity of the Southern mills. The goods were shipped mostly to Shanghai, and distributed from there through the interior provinces. Since the outbreak of the Boxer insurrection and the crisis at Peking these shipments have ceased, the storage capacity of Shanghai being glutted, and the prospect for new orders being uncertain. The entire cotton trade of the country has been badly affected of late by the advance in the price of the raw material and a lack of buying orders. The result has been a reduction in the price of print cloths and other fabrics, and the shutting down of some of the New England factories. Fall River has been most affected. The price of cotton advanced to ten cents a pound on reports of a short supply in sight and of damage to the growing crop, and there was a good deal of excitement in the market.

The iron and steel market has not become settled. Officers of some of the companies have been holding conferences and trying to get prices to a basis that would start up new orders, but no agreement was reached. Meanwhile prices of pig-iron and of steel billets have been cut still further without making up the demand. It is known that buyers are merely waiting, for many improvements on railroads in the way of new tracks and equipment and new bridges, and many building operations, have been suspended to await the reaching of bottom prices for the needed materials. The manufacturers are groping carefully to prevent the bottom from sinking too low. Steel is nowadays made so much into special forms and sizes to meet actual requirements that the mills can only proceed upon definite orders and contracts, and cannot accumulate stocks for a future demand. Hence when orders cease production must stop, except upon work in hand and such permanent articles as rails. The accumulation of blooms and billets, and even of pig-iron, is impracticable beyond a narrow limit. That is why the industry is so seriously affected by the check caused by the high prices of an overactive period.

Crop reports still indicate a short supply of spring wheat, but they are somewhat less doleful since the rains came on in the Northwest. It is doubtful if the cereal crops of the year will nearly equal those of the two preceding seasons. There is already some evidence of a reduction of railroad traffic in the West, though the reports of bank clearings indicate a generally active business in that section. A decrease of over $110,000 in the gross earnings of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad in the first week of July was taken as a sign of diminishing traffic for the granger roads generally, and many conservative representations have been given out. The transcontinental lines, especially the Northern Pacific and Great Northern, have been somewhat affected by the falling off of the China trade. On the whole, there is a waiting disposition in the railroad world as well as in other fields of activity.

While the reports of bank clearings indicate a larger volume of business in the South and West, especially the far West and Pacific coast, than a year ago, there is a distinct decrease in New York and other financial centres in the East. This is due in some measure to slackening in general business, but more to the absence of speculation and the promoting of new enterprises, which were rampant last year. Stock operations are comparatively light, and the markets are dull and irregular. The steel stocks and such railroad shares as figure on the Exchange are heavy and difficult to manipulate. The sugar-refiners seem to be working together for a liberal profit, while the demand for their product is active. The price of both raw and refined sugar has advanced beyond all recent figures, and the latter has been put up until there is a margin of 94 cents a hundred-weight for the refiners. There is no fighting of the Trust now, but the advance in its stock has not been large. It is still regarded with some suspicion.

There is no material change in the easy condition of the money-market or in foreign exchange. The European markets have been somewhat disturbed by the situation in China, but there has been no violent agitation and little activity. The panicky feeling at Berlin seems to be subsiding, but the market there is under some strain. Foreign and domestic political influences are having rather a subduing than a disturbing effect here.